

OCTOBER

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CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS BY PERSPEX

CARELESS RAPTURE OR TAKING PAINS?

LET the question mark indicate the idea of choice. The Cézanne Exhibition which comes to London from the Edinburgh Festival immediately poses the problem, for Cézanne, deeply concerned with the ultimate perfection of art and rightly claiming that he himself was a primitive of the new method, has been made the model and excuse for every vice and every virtue since his day. The other London exhibitions of the moment seem to emphasise the divergence of the two paths. On the one hand stands the Tristram Hillier show at Tooth's, on the other a challenging collection of the work or play of Sunday Painters at the I.C.A. Or should it be that of Children's Art at the R.I. Galleries? Somewhere between is poised the exhibition of the work of Christopher Wood at the Redfern Galleries. Usually we think of him as one of those who paints as easily as a bird sings, but here see that his few years of working life were devoted to the search for a method and were moving towards something more defined, more classical, than the Brittany and Cornwall landscapes.

Cézanne is one of those masters who has suffered more from his friends than from his enemies. It began when Madame Cézanne, with mistaken zeal and French housewifely parsimony, followed him around collecting from the hedges and ditches the canvases which he had hurled there as failures. It continued when Roger Fry and his disciples hailed the artist as the infallible initiator of "Significant Form." It reached its zenith in the salesrooms when the master's works began to command fabulous prices. Blessed Madame Cézanne! For the canvases which were rejected have indeed become the corner-stones of the building, and the building itself the lordliest of mansions in the house of art. Happily the choice of works for this exhibition, profiting by the importance of the occasion and the willingness therefore of owners to lend their best, shows Cézanne at his most worthy. Some of them, such as the magnificent "Lac d'Annecy," wherein the art of Cézanne reaches its perfection,

we already know well in London; others will be new to us; and the value of any exhibition such as this is the opportunity of seeing so many of the best works brought together so that we can understand better what Cézanne wanted and at his finest achieved. It enables us also to watch for these qualities elsewhere, even in the failures. We see Cézanne with his own eyes. I believe those eyes would have turned away from much that has been perpetrated in his name, and from much more of the too cerebral doctrines which have stemmed from it. No artist was ever more demanding that an equivoque should be achieved between nature and the painter's craft; and especially in the great landscapes he remained wonderfully controlled by visual truth. The heaviness of handling which was his besetting sin seems always more apparent in the portraits, as though the solidity of flesh and bone oppressed him. The landscapes remain in the mind.

One other exhibition which invites a revaluation of work which has always won easy applause is that of Christopher Wood at the Redfern. A showing of nearly thirty oils and over sixty drawings enables us to look with a new sense of appraisal although this gallery, which has always rather specialised in his work, held a one-man show in 1947. Wood is one of those artists who charms immediately

by being so clearly brush-happy. Born in 1901 and dying before he was thirty years old, he had but few years of mature working life, yet he seems sure of himself almost from the beginning. His most characteristic style of patterning by the juxtaposition of flat washes of rather unsparkling colour, depicting the harbours of Brittany and Cornwall or the flower pieces, is pleasantly decorative. It gives the feeling that he himself had said what he wanted to say in a picture. Is it enough? Is this minor lyric poetry of a mind not yet mature? Or do we ask for some quality nearer to Cézanne's own of ruthless search and adult effort?

The current exhibition is important in showing much more clearly than we have seen before how he at times turned



THE CRUCIFIXION. By TRISTRAM HILLIER.

From the Exhibition at Tooth's Galleries. PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month.

away from himself in a search for something different. Not the least interesting experiments are the portraits with their echo of Modigliani, for in his own style Christopher eschewed outline as religiously as that artist cultivated it. I would say they are successful, and that what he needed to give construction to his work was something like this. In the same way the room full of his drawings has an interest in releasing him from the domination of colour and forcing him to see form in terms of line. Some of them are sensitive enough, but they seldom bespeak the born draughtsman. What would have happened to Wood had he lived? Again this exhibition suggests the answer, for among the surest things here are the paintings he did in connection with the Lunar Park Ballet which C. B. Cochran commissioned at the extreme end of the artist's life. "The One-legged Girl," "The Three-legged Man," "The Three-headed Man," have a power as though he had found a purpose. In those years of the late twenties, through his friendship with Jean Cocteau, he had drifted into that world of the stage as a potential stage decorator. The first scheme for the décor of a ballet for Diaghilev came to nothing, and the death of the maestro in 1929 ended that hope. The commission for the Lunar Park Ballet from Cochran supplied just the discipline for a young artist who was otherwise too unrestricted, and the resultant work in all its manifestations indicates, I believe, what might have become the most important aspect of Christopher Wood.

It is fascinating to turn from the contradictions and paradoxical uncertainties of Christopher Wood to an artist who at times makes one think he is too sure of himself and his direction: Tristram Hillier. An impressive exhibition at Tooth's is showing in October coincident with the publication of the artist's autobiography. Hillier quite clearly has set himself a path from which he has never deviated. Its personal mannerism is so marked that sometimes his pictures look like parodies of themselves. It is also so highly individual that if you enjoy it you will enjoy it immensely, and if you do not it will probably be unbearable. For my own part I am of the former faction. This Pre-Raphaelite precision which draws and paints every object on the canvas with most meticulous care; the hard objectivity which in the still life subjects—of which there are a number in this show—becomes *trompe d'oeil*; the deliberate disregard of atmospheric perspective or, indeed, any modification of colour or tone at the dictates of nature: all this can only be achieved by the utmost painstaking. This has at least secured for Mr. Hillier the kingship of the castle which he has chosen to occupy. At first glance it might be thought that his genius is that of the copy-book definition: an infinite capacity for taking pains; or as Hogarth put it, "nothing but labour and diligence." But there is much more to it. There is a very distinct and personal vision. In landscape it is most at home in the brittle dry atmosphere of Southern Spain, though it has settled down comfortably in Somersetshire which he has adopted. It is at its happiest with the forms of boats on sunlit beaches where the bright colour of every pebble is rendered in a mosaic of pattern. In *Still Life* it creates apples which can almost be picked up from the canvas.

Over against the extreme carefulness of such an artist as Hillier stands the cult of the untutored which is one of the strange perversities of our time. Interest in child art, primitive cultures, the so-called Sunday Painters, and the rest, is perfectly understandable as psychology, educational theory, anthropology, and social science. As a high-brow attitude in aesthetics it appears all too often as a form of inverted snobbery. To go all enthusiastic about this deliberate incompetence is one of the poses of the rather precious set who patronise modern art and are always looking for something new to titillate jaded sensibilities. The running of the Douanier Rousseau by the advanced group in Paris at the beginning of the century, and the crazy-gang banquet in Picasso's studio, initiated it. The theories of Benedetto Croce gave it its cachet. "Art is perfectly defined when simply defined as intuition"; "It is possible to be a great

artist with a bad technique"; and so on. Our Sunday-painter-child-art cultists have almost, and in some cases entirely, arrived at the point when they indicate that "It is only possible to be a great artist with a bad technique." So they worship at such an exhibition as that at the I.C.A. where we needs must love the lowest when we see it. The spirit of Grandma Moses reigns. The painters are amusing enough at times when we are faced with genuine amateurishness having no concern with art. They are merely annoying when they are obviously cashing in on a perverse fashion. You feel that if the unknown artist who painted the two Victorian portraits could have painted like Millais he would have done. Equally you feel that some of these people, such as E. Box, make a wonderful effort not to paint; and how well they succeed! I suspect that they live in expensive mews cottages and frequent highbrow cocktail parties. Anyway, the need to keep your head when all around you are so deliberately losing theirs is imperative if we are to have any sense of values in art or anything else. A passing amusement is all we need ask of it, and this can be obtained with less effort from the seven-day-a-week art of most pavement artists; but the highbrows have not yet taken these up.

Linked to this cult of the unsophisticated is that of child art. It has an aspect which is infinitely more genuine, and it is excellent to encourage children and young people to paint, at first intuitively, and then with whatever technical virtues they can command. The trouble is when the highbrow theorists see virtue only in the initial stages. The worried schoolteacher telling her charge who has drawn a recognisably representational tiger, "I'm afraid the inspector will not pass *that* as child art," is a truism of current educational methods. Happily, there is every sign that the exhibition, showing first at the R. I. Galleries before a nation-wide tour, recognises that this school art should evolve into sound technical practice after the play stage. The prizes and scholarships are awarded to youngsters showing real capacity. The snobstuff-and-nonsense attitude is betrayed by the choice for the catalogue cover of a drawing done by a child of fourteen which looks as if it were the product of one of eight. If by that age this unfortunate child cannot draw better than that she should be discouraged from wasting time and paper. The art inspector has delightedly passed that as child art. It is another aspect of the glorifying of incompetence and the cult of the intuitional.

We swing back to painting which is in danger of being too tidy, too restrained, with that of Albert Reuss, who is having a one-man show at the O'Hana Gallery. Mr. Reuss simplifies the few constituents of his pictures to pure surfaces of flat decoration, with form and colour alike reduced to—or is it beyond?—essentials. The result is one of two-dimensional decoration on such themes as "Composition with Corrugated Iron" or "Sand Heap and Rock." In the right setting, as a passage of clean colour in a modern room, these pictures would have a purpose; and at least they do not betray the whole meaning of art in the sacred name of intuition, but I confess that they look a little empty against the works of the good Impressionists and Post-Impressionists which are the normal fare at the O'Hana.

Not by any means tidy, but with a forcefulness in rendering the most uninspiring subjects, John Bratby, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, is a newcomer who evidently has to be reckoned with. He paints very large; he paints very thickly; he has verve; he crowds his canvases with objects. In the mannerism now fashionable among some of the newer French Realists he uses this considerable accomplishment on the most unedifying and unæsthetic subjects, preferring the kitchen table with such elements as chip-friers, hot-water bottles, packets of cornflakes, and so forth. Certainly he paints these better than he does the human figure, but as an under-thirty he has time to progress a long way. The next exhibition at the Beaux Arts is to be of that genius Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, chiefly drawings, but obviously not to be missed. His was the rapture which had its own strange painstaking; and that surely is the true secret of great art.

The Commoner Drinking Glasses of the XVIIIth Century

Part V

BY E. B. HAYNES

GROUP VII. GLASSES WITH AIR TWIST STEMS (c. 1745-c. 1770)

THIS Group is the third largest, comprising 17.95 per cent of our XVIIIth-century drinking glasses, a diversified and original series, unmatched and unchallenged by any other country. For all practical purposes it divides into six Sections with 68 Subsections and some four hundred varieties. Only three of the Sections are really numerous, namely those with Two-piece glasses with Unknopped Stems (31 per cent), and Three-piece glasses with Knopped (28 per cent) or Unknopped stems (26 per cent). All these have a single series twist, mostly the multiple spiral air twist (M.S.A.T.).

There is a wide range of bowl form and some markedly good moulded decoration. It is the exception to find a poor quality air twist glass, and the knopping, where it occurs, is skilfully executed and superior to that found on the Opaque White Twist glasses, and in much greater variety. Yet the stems with three or with four knops, so common in the white twists, are rare with an air twist, extremely so in the former case.

Not much is done with the foot, and except in sweetmeats or champagnes the domed and folded type is excessively rare. Firing feet are also most uncommon.

As in Group VI, a two-piece glass with Unknopped stem and trumpet bowl is easily the most frequent variety. It comes from Section 2(C).*

A Wine, with trumpet bowl, unknopped M.S.A.T. stem and plain foot (Section-frequency 1 in 4; Group-frequency 1 in 11). In wine glass form this comes in six varieties, but as described fully merits the epithet "common," for apart from its favourable Group-frequency it has an overall frequency as high as 1 in 65.

Its nearest rival comes from the same Section and offers itself in as many as eleven varieties, largely because of its specialised stem bandings. It is

A Wine, with waisted bowl on an unknopped M.S.A.T. stem and plain foot. (S.-f. 1 in 8.5; G.-f. 1 in 24.)

In third place is a three-piece glass from Section 4(b), namely

A Wine, with saucer-topped r.f. bowl on a M.S.A.T. stem with swelling knop at centre and plain foot (S.-f. 1 in 8.2; G.-f. 1 in 31.6). This glass has been over-valued by reason of its bowl form. With any other stem it would be a distinctly rarer glass.

Then follows a glass from Section 4(c), a three-piece r.f. wine with double-knopped M.S.A.T. stem and a G.-f. of 1 in 40.7; a similar wine with bell bowl comes out at 1 in 50.4, just beating into sixth place a Section 5 (c) three-piece r.f. wine with an unknopped M.S.A.T. stem. After these half-dozen forms there is nothing one can fairly term common.

GROUP X. GLASSES WITH OPAQUE WHITE TWIST STEMS (c. 1750-c. 1780)

This is a surprising Group, our largest, containing 27 per cent of our XVIIIth-century glasses, and by reason of the many types of twist, over 1,900 varieties as against 400 for the Air Twists. It has but five Sections, and all the commoner glasses come from Section 4 which has Unknopped stems with a Double Series twist, together amounting to no less than 73 per cent of the Group. There are more than ninety different twists in this one Section; only half a dozen of them are numerous but there are so many varieties of vessel, bowl, foot and decoration that the commonest individual glasses are barely more frequent than the scarcest of the Air Twists just listed. There is a dead heat for first place by the two following glasses, the foot throughout being plain and the stem unknopped.

A Wine, Section 4(a), with ogee bowl, the twist a Vertical Gauze/Pr. of Spiral Threads or Tapes. (S.-f. 1 in 48; G.-f. 1 in 65; overall frequency 1 in 250.)

* Where practicable, the numeration in *Glass Through the Ages* is adopted.

A Wine, Section 4(c), with trumpet (flute) bowl, and a Lace Twist/Pr. of Spiral Threads or Tapes. (Same frequency.) Included here are a certain number of "side-welded" stems which look like two-piece glasses at first sight.

Third place falls to another wine from Section 4(a) described above, but with an r.f. bowl (S.-f. 1 in 63; G.-f. 1 in 85).

For fourth place there is another tie.

A Wine, Section 4(g), with ogee bowl and a Pair of Spiral Tapes or Threads/Single 10-22 ply Spiral Band. (S.-f. 1 in 66; G.-f. 1 in 90.)

A Wine, Section 4(k), with ogee bowl and a Multi-ply Corkscrew/Pair Corkscrews or M.-p. Corkscrews. (Same frequencies.) The first twist of the two is the commonest to be found.

The next in order is identical with the last, but the bowl has faint basal flute moulding (G.-f. 1 in 101). It is one of the rare instances where the Moulded bowl is nearly as frequent as the plain.

Lastly come three glasses with a triple tie: an r.f. Ale and a Flute wine (trumpet) with the twist of 4(a) above, and an r.f. Wine with twist 4(l), a Vertical Column/Pair of Spiral Tapes or Threads. (S.-f. 1 in 83; G.-f. 1 in 112.) This last wine comes from quite a small Subsection which it has pretty well to itself; it is probably rather late in the series.



The Commonest Air Twist Glass



Two White Twist Wines, competitors for the title of "commonest."

GEORGIAN PILLAR AND TRIPOD TABLES

Part II

BY E. H. PINTO



Fig. VIII. An oak footman table with revolving bird-cage action and detachable top. Third quarter of the XVIIIth century. (Leonard Wyburd.)

ONE of the most interesting variants of the Georgian pillar and tripod is that in which human feet are employed as supports. Usually known as Manx tables, because of the resemblance of their bases to the Coat of Arms of the Isle of Man, these rare tables are eagerly bought whenever they come on the market.



Fig. X. A mahogany footman with revolving and tipping bird-cage action. (J. R. Cookson, Kendal.)



Fig. IX. Enlarged detail of the footman's leg and foot, showing the extremely naturalistic form and carving.

Another name by which they are sometimes known is footmen, which seems very appropriate because the carved knee-breeches and shoes are generally simple, and these tables are usually fairly large in diameter, sturdy, comparatively plain, most serviceable and would appear ideal either as small supper tables or as dumb waiters serving at the side of one.

It is unusual for two to come on the market within a few months of each other, but both the specimens shown in Figs. VIII and IX and in Figs. X and XI made their appearance in 1953. Superficially these two charming tables have many points of resemblance when seen in a photograph, but the one shown in Figs. VIII and IX is of oak, and that in Figs. X and XI of mahogany, and there are many differences in the details.

The oak specimen, Figs. VIII and IX, is not only very naturalistic in the outline of the legs, but also in the carving of the breeches buttons, the knee straps and buckles, the clocked stockings and the buckled shoes. The moulded rimmed top is fixed to a circular revolving bird-cage of



Fig. XI. Enlarged detail of the footman's leg, showing more formal outline and stylised treatment above the knee.

GEORGIAN PILLAR AND TRIPOD TABLES—II



Fig. XII. A pair of more sophisticated Møn tables in mahogany, made from mid-XVIIIth-century pole fibre fire-screens.
(In the possession of the author and Mrs. Pinto.)



the type which is made detachable from the sharply-tapering pillar.

The mahogany table shown in Figs. X and XI measures 34 in. in diameter, is 28 in. high and has a square bird-cage of the type which allows the top to revolve and to tip. The legs above the knee, in this example, are more formal in outline and stylised in carving than on the oak specimen; the shoes are good. Both were probably made round about 1770.

Dating from the mid-XVIIIth century, the pair of tables shown in Fig. XII are much more sophisticated in their design. Their carved detail is good and the buckle shoes are shorter and with more pronounced tongues and more stubbed toes than on the last two tables described. The transition from the human knee to the formal shell and the stool edged with acanthus is cleverly worked out. The pie-crust tops, which are each provided with three flaps supported on lopers, are not original, because these tables, as can be seen from the slenderness of their columns, are examples of former pole screen bases which, having outlived their original purpose, continue to give good service in another role, two hundred years after they were made.

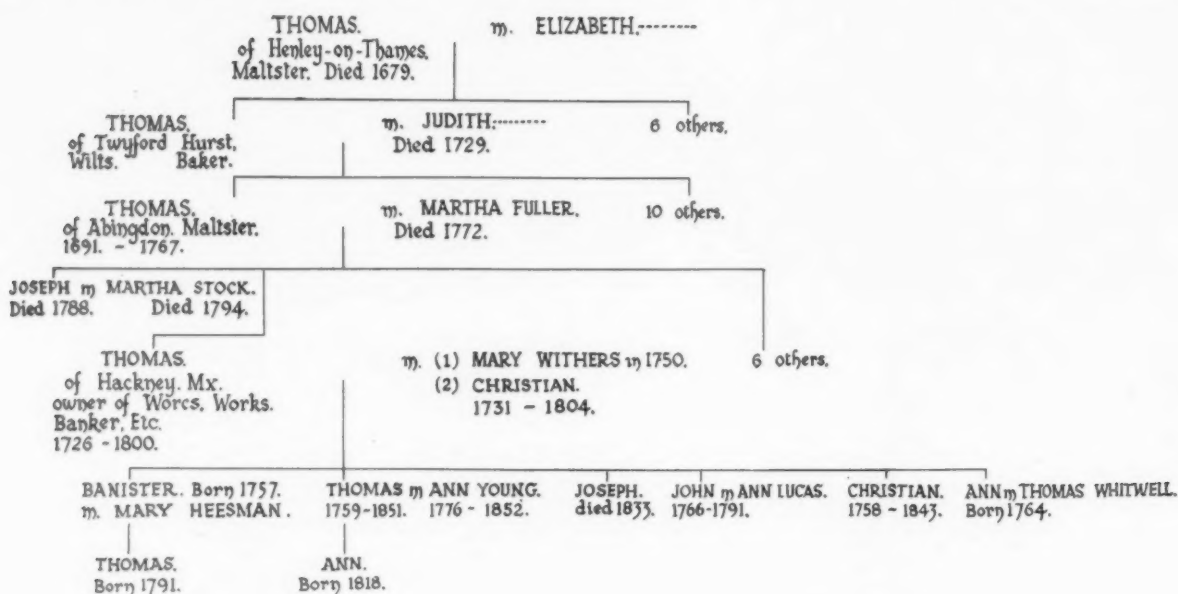
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PART I APPEARED IN SEPTEMBER

Fig. XIII. Enlarged detail of a foot and leg of the above, showing the transition from the naturalistic calf and knee to the formal carving above the knee.

THOMAS FLIGHT. Part I

BY GEOFFREY WILLS



WRITING of events one hundred years after they have taken place is often a matter attended with considerable difficulty; in comparison with the study of these same events after an interval of two complete centuries, it must have been an easy task. R. W. Binns, part-proprietor, art-director and historian of the Worcester porcelain factory in the mid-XIXth century, unfortunately was not able, or was not concerned, to give very much information about Thomas Flight when he published his *Century of Potting in the City of Worcester* in 1865, and only amplified his meagre record without any additional facts when the book was republished twelve years later. Possibly Binns, like many subsequent writers, was more interested in the earlier years of the factory, and took it for granted that there was little general desire for knowledge of the history of the factory during the last decades of the XVIIIth century. To-day, it is agreed that any event at any period in the career of this longest-surviving porcelain works has a place in the absorbing history of English ceramics.

The present writer has been able to bring to light some further facts with which to enliven the existing sketchy portrait (even the adjective "sketchy" is an exaggeration) of the one-time proprietor of the works, and the owner at the date that the prefix *Royal* was first added to the name of the firm in the year 1788.

It is pertinent to quote, firstly, the words of Binns¹:

"The Worcester Porcelain Company had for many years an office in the metropolis, at London House, Aldersgate Street, from whence a removal was subsequently made to No. 2, Bread Street, where Mr. Thomas Flight acted as their agent.

"The trade at this time, although not carried on with much spirit, doubtless yielded a reasonable profit, and only required the energy and experience of business-like men to ensure the continued production of works of equal merit with those which had already made the factory famous.

"In 1783, Mr. Vernon was either seventy or seventy-one years of age; Mr. Davis, Senior, could not have been much younger; and Mr. Davis, Junior, being the only active partner, it was resolved to dispose of the concern.

"Mr. Flight having acted for so many years as London agent, was quite aware of the capabilities, the profits, and the high standing of the manufactory; and requiring occupations for his sons, Joseph and John, considered this a favourable opportunity to settle them in an important and lucrative

establishment. We may be well assured that had not the business been profitable and well conducted, he would not have invested £3,000 in the purchase.

"The terms agreed upon were as follows: £500 to be paid on signing the transfer, £1,000 on or before July 24th, and £1,500 on March 25th, 1784.

"Mr. Flight took possession at Michaelmas, 1783. . . . Messrs. Flight, Juniors, had no previous knowledge of the art [of porcelain making], having, we believe, been jewellers."

During the three-quarters of a century that has passed since the above was written and published, nothing whatsoever has been added to the sparse details of the life of a man who played a prominent part in the history of the factory. The few hard facts—principally, that Thomas Flight purchased the works, the price paid by him and the method of payment—most of which were gleaned from the original agreement and indenture from which Binns printed extracts,² are beyond dispute; the rest is apparently surmise.

Thomas Flight of the Worcester factory was at least the fourth succeeding member of his family to bear the same Christian name. As may be seen by referring to Fig. I, he was the son of Thomas Flight, a maltster of Abingdon, Berkshire, who was, in turn, the son of an earlier Thomas Flight, of Henley-on-Thames, and Twyford Hurst, Wiltshire. Thomas Flight, of Abingdon, married Martha, daughter of a Baptist Minister, Joseph Fuller. Their first son was named Joseph; their second son is the Thomas Flight on whom our interest centres; there were several further children of the marriage.

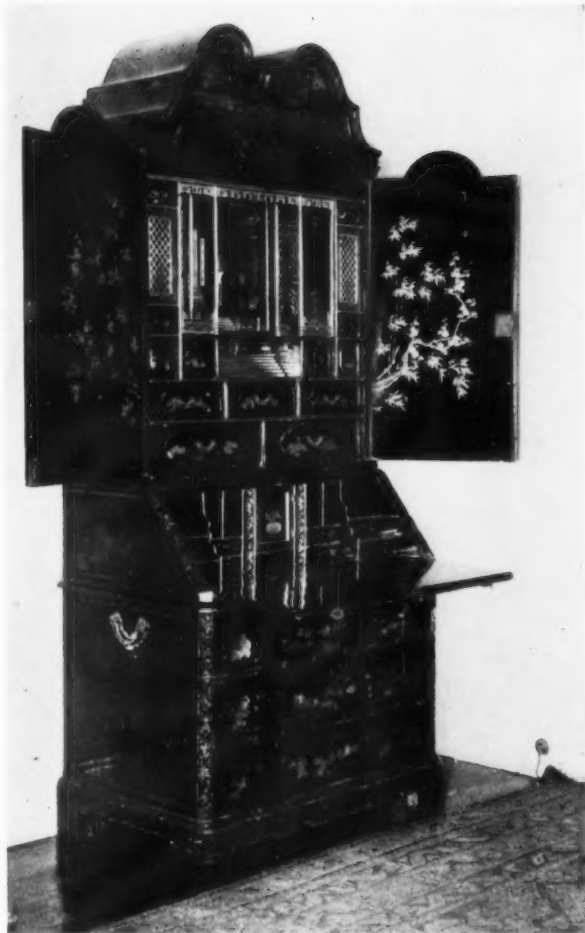
From the probate of his Will, we know that Thomas Flight was aged 74 at his death in 1800; he was born, therefore, in 1726. The next record of him is the following application for a marriage licence:

14 February 1749/50. Thomas Flight, St. Mary Abchurch Lane, bachelor, 23, and Mary Withers, precinct of Norton Folgate, spinster, at St. Mary Newington, Mx., or St. Bride's.

The wedding took place at the latter church, and is recorded in the Marriage Register of St. Bride's. The entry runs:

February, 1749/50.

19—Thomas Flight of St. Mary Abchurch, Lond[on], B[achelor], and Mary Withers of y^e Precinct of Norton Folgate, Middx. S[pinster], by Mr. Todd. Bp's. Lic. [By Licence of the Bishop of London.]



Figs. II and III. Chinese cabinet lacquered in gold on a black ground. With it is preserved a document which reads: "Sept. 13th, 1740. In the forenoon of this day my Chinese Laquer Cabinet was delivered by the Carrier at my house in Abingdon. It was procured by my dear friend John Folgham in Pekin for me for the Sum of £200 Sterling & was brought to England in the bark Marie Celeste being on the sea for many months. It looks vastly elegant in the Parlour and adds distinction to the room. Thomas Flight." The width is 3 ft. 6 in., and the height, 7 ft. 10 in.

The christening of the second son of this marriage, also named Thomas, took place at St. Luke's, Old Street, on June 10th, 1759. He was recorded as being the child of Thomas and Mary Flight, and the father's occupation, *jeweller*. In the probate of the Will of Thomas's widow her name is given as *Christian*, and in the Will itself she refers to all of the surviving children as her own. It would appear that at least the first three children (Banister, 1757; Christian, 1758; Thomas, 1759) were those of Thomas and Mary; no record has yet come to light of the christening of the other three children, so it is not known who their mother was. The date and place of the later marriage remains to be discovered, as does the surname of the second wife.

In the year 1755, Thomas Flight became a Liveryman of the Carpenters' Company. His badge of initiation is extant and is shown here in Fig. IV; on the reverse is inscribed: *Thos. Flight, 1755*. In 1782 he was Master of the Company, and in subsequent years was followed in this position by his three sons: Banister, Thomas and Joseph, and by his grandson, Thomas. His youngest son, John, was Free of the Company in 1789, but died only two years later, and did not take up the Livery.

It is known that Thomas Flight was a member of the congregation of the Maze

Pond Baptist Chapel from 1756, and that he became a deacon in 1773. The Maze Pond Chapel, founded in 1691, enjoyed a high reputation in the Dissenting movement. It was in Bermondsey, to the east of Borough High Street and near London Bridge, and was swept away when Guy's Hospital was enlarged during the XIXth century. The minister of the chapel from 1784 was the Rev. James Dore who remained in that position for thirty years, resigning on account of continual illness. Flight remembered the Rev. James Dore in his Will.

Thomas Flight was certainly an elusive man so far as surviving records of his life are concerned. However, we know definitely that on Monday, February 5th, 1781, he was called for jury service at the trial for treason of Lord George Gordon at the Court of King's Bench, Westminster. His name is among those of the sixty-two men from whom the jury was finally chosen, but he does not figure with the final twelve as he was objected to by the prosecution. In William Cobbett's *State Trials*³ is recorded: *Thomas Flight of Hackney, Esq., challenged by the Crown*.

(To be concluded)



Fig. IV. Silver initiation badge of the Carpenters' Company. Inscribed on the reverse: *Thos. Flight 1755*.

¹ *Century of Potting in the City of Worcester*, 1877, pp. 143-45.

² *Ibid.*, p. 314.

³ *State Trials*, 1814. Vol. XXI, p. 498.

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI

BY RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

IT is presumably inevitable that Hollywood, having crystalised Montmartre in the 'nineties into a Hollywoodian life-of-Lautrec, will one day do the same for the *apogée* of Montparnasse around the feverish genius of Modigliani, the one great Italian painter since Tiepolo.

Both by the colourful details of his existence and by the universal appeal of his art itself, Modigliani, unhappy and exalted, turn by turn violent and sentimental, is everything the scenarist could possibly hope for. He even goes completely against the normal and fits into a popular illusion regarding artists and life: when he first arrived in Paris, living in a comfortable studio, hardly meeting anyone and with his feelings only able to find release in painting, his work was academically trite: yet when his latent demons began to exorcise themselves with hashish, whisky and riotous living, he began, at the same time, to paint the works that now hang in great state and private collections all over the world.

Of his first years in Paris—the hotel room at the Madeleine, the studio in a neat building in Montmartre—there is little record now. We know that he was aristocratic, Jewishly timid, difficult to make friends with, and abstemious. His chief taste in painting was for Italian baroque, and this even extended to stucco work. Gradually he came to know the poet Max Jacob, the writer Pierre MacOrlan, and (by shouting to him one day, with unexpected boldness, from a café terrace) a painter of whom he had heard much and whom he already admired—Picasso.

Montmartre is built on a steep hill with long winding stairways leading up to the Butte. The steps are a constant problem to local drunks, and one day Modigliani found one having difficulty and helped him home. It was Utrillo—Litrillo, as the local urchins called him, because of the litre of *gros rouge* always emerging from his pocket. The two painters made friends at once. Sympathy of style—Modigliani, too, was beginning to search for the cold static tones of fresco—helped to seal the alliance, and soon the aristocratic young man from Leghorn carrying home the victim of the "booze wards" was a common sight.

But here the legend is comfortably un-Hollywood. Needless to say, the morally weaker of the two was by far the stronger influence, and within months Modigliani had changed from a quiet, polite, classical dilettante painter into a noisy, drunken, egoistic genius with a marked penchant for green hashish jam, an Arab aphrodisiac (experimented by Baudelaire) which attacks the brain cells directly.

Modigliani came to be known among his friends by the shorter, more convenient, name of Modi. Modi is pronounced the same as *maudit*, accursed, the name given to writers like Verlaine and painters like Gauguin—or Modigliani—whose "anti-social" genius leads to intense physical and moral suffering.

In 1909, Modi exhibited for the first time at the no-jury Salon des Indépendants, then housed in temporary wooden huts on the Cours la Reine. His picture, "La Violoncelliste," drew the praise of numerous critics, interested some dealers, and left Modigliani convinced of something he never doubted again—his genius.

He sold some pictures and offered himself a holiday in Leghorn, with his family. And here the Hollywood legend reasserts itself, for the painter's mother, the pious old widow of a ruined banker, tried her best to convince her son to settle down. Haggard from his dope habits, often drunk, painting an art that no one in Italy understood, Modigliani, like Nietzsche, seemed a failure to his family. He had



Photograph of Modigliani.

talked about his plans to concentrate for a while on sculpture, and his mother offered to rent him a house at Carrara, by the marble quarries. Perhaps it is a shame that he forsook the offer, for to-day his carvings are very rare—his busts in *terre glaise* were often watered down and carved into something else, others were just the ideal thing for Modi to throw at the wall with bloody imprecations when hashish was having its worst effects. One cannot help reflecting that a few solid pieces of a reasonable size in Carrara stone would be worth four figures to-day.

But Modigliani, true to his unwritten legend, said goodbye to his family for the last time and set off for eleven years of ever-growing talent and ever-increasing ruin.

Photos of him at this period still exist. Despite his habits and slowly developing tuberculosis—he had already had it once, for two years, at adolescence—he is a well-built, handsome figure with a mocking, rather cruel head, poised with arrogant grace in the stance of a victorious boxer. Looking at his pictures one can almost hear his favourite phrase (favourite phrases of masters always have a certain compelling power)—"I am going to drink myself dead."

There was a time when it was considered better to pass over the human weaknesses of great figures and leave the Work undiminished. In Modigliani's case this would leave remarkably little of the man himself. As his fame among painters increased, Modi cashed in thankfully on the numerous women admirers it brought. His love affairs are countless.

The first serious liaison was with a saucily beautiful totally ignorant working-girl—his first ideal, the *Vénus populaire*. It broke up in a series of very violent quarrels and ended with Modigliani refusing to accept the paternity of the baby which, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau's six children, was handed over to the Public Assistance Board and forgotten.

Admired by a small clique of connoisseurs, Modi could now count on earning enough to drink but not always enough to eat as well. He paid for meals at Rosalie's in the rue Campagne Première with pictures and with sheafs of

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI



Portrait of a girl in
black hat and dress.



Bust of a young girl.
Both formerly exhibited
at The Leicester
Galleries.

drawings—a Modigliani, stained by cooking, still stands over the kitchen door; painted on the plaster, it was the only one the millionaires couldn't remove after his death. . . .

At the Rotonde—now huge and brassy, but then a modest café frequented by Lenin and his friends—Modigliani had credit, too. After his death in 1920, these cafés, and flats and studios where the painter (usually to the landlord's annoyance) had covered the walls with fresco nudes, were crawling with American dealers. Modi's credit was excellent, with interest at several times one hundred per cent, for those who were prepared to wait for payment until the painter had gone from life to immortality.

The first important collectors of the negro Botticelli (as the papers called him) were the writer Francis Carco and the two (later bankrupt) dealers Paul Guillaume and Léopold Zborowsky, a Polish Jew. It was during a café meeting with Carco, the "René" of the Katherine Mansfield love-letters, that Modigliani, like his friend, was swept away by another English woman of letters.

History is full of romantic introductions between painters and their muses; but by 1912 the age of Lamartine had passed. Modigliani proffered an obscene remark as the woman passed, and the woman asked Picasso, at the next table, who the big Sicilian was. (No Italian from anywhere north of Reggio likes to be called a Sicilian.) Picasso effected introductions.

"Beatrice Hastings, poet. Amedeo Modigliani, drunkard."

The union was an eventful one. Neighbours needed inexhaustible patience to put up with the midnight quarrels of that Italian and that Englishwoman. By arrangement, the concierge of the building only intervened if Beatrice shrieked the macabre phrase "*A l'assassin!*"

On one of these occasions, according to the memoirs of a former comrade of the painter's, Modigliani sobered up and quoted to the concierge what Baudelaire had said in similar circumstances: "I give you my word of honour, monsieur, that nothing untoward has happened. I am

chopping firewood in the salon and beating my mistress, like a gentleman."

The last great row between Beatrice and Modigliani has gone down to posterity, thanks to André Salmon, who wrote of it in *Le Vagabond de Montparnasse*. After dragging his loved one round the studio, naked, by her hair, Modi calmed, recited several hundred lines of Dante, and then listened to Miss Hastings composing verses on their unquenchable love in French, English and Italian. The painter then inscribed the verses in pastel on Miss Hastings' dress, sprayed the robe with fixative, and the couple were the cynosure of all eyes when they turned up at the Café Baty that afternoon (a Sunday in 1914 after the outbreak of war) with Beatrice wearing her Modigliani. Latin Quarter fauna on leave—including Jean Giraudoux, the most famous of French playwrights between the wars, then a discreet lieutenant with a monocle—applauded loudly.

The atmosphere of war had been bad for Modigliani in many ways—the drunken parties with painters leaving for the front, the accusations of cowardice (he was a pacifist) had helped to increase his drinking habits. And Beatrice had introduced him to something seven times as strong as red wine—Scotch whisky. On the night following the gay celebration at Baty's an argument developed over something to do with a pair of monkeys—the evidence is rather vague—and Beatrice turned up at the Dôme at midnight with the famous dress torn to shreds and the rather inadequate explanation in English: "Amedeo's been naughty." They never saw each other again.

Modigliani's social life is a long story of scenes in restaurants, scenes at Kisling's, scenes with Beatrice, nights spent in the drunkard's cage at the local police station. A brilliant conversationalist, his brow would suddenly darken with the kick of hashish and he would become brutal and insulting and, if in his own studio, was liable to try to destroy his latest paintings. All his friends have testified that his temper was insupportable. At Rosalie's he once tried to strangle an academic painter because the latter

had uttered praise of Lucien Simon, a teacher at the Beaux-Arts.

Dressed in his eternal black corduroy, he would sketch friends in cafés in return for drinks (Verlaine set the precedent by composing couplets for nips of absinthe) and dedicate them with verses from the *Inferno*, of which he knew long passages by heart since childhood. For models, he would pick up waitresses and whores, as Renoir did: but unlike Renoir, he always made his easel-paintings chaste and strangely dignified.

On one occasion, according to another of the painter's friends, a rich society girl offered to pose for him. He told her to undress, looked her up and down like a farmer buying an animal, declared briefly "*Trop putain*" (too prostitute), and told her to get dressed and go. The incident is characteristic of Modi's egoistic, "anti-social" humour.

The war ended. Modigliani took to going to the big "free" studio at the Grande Chaumière, where painters can still share a model very cheaply. He liked the anonymity of the huge room—and probably he liked, too, the whispered buzz that drew the attention of neophytes to the notable fact that "Modi" was there. It was at the Grande Chaumière that Modigliani made the acquaintance of Jeanne Hébuterne, and now justly famous "Red Bean."

Jeanne, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a highly respectable family, has been compared by those who knew her to a Memling figure. Timid, plain, with long youthful tresses, and a virgin, of course—this was something new for Modigliani. And needless to say, if we go back to the Hollywood legend, after eighteen years of strict bourgeois upbringing, Mlle Hébuterne could not help but fall hopelessly in love with the notorious Bohemian.

Their daughter Gina was born in 1919, when the painter was thirty-five. By then, Modigliani was at the height of his powers—portraits of Jeanne, including the thin red three-quarters figure (Modigliani rarely painted legs and feet) which gave her the name of Haricot Rouge, pictures of Zborowsky and Guillaume, numerous nudes and portraits of women. But consumption was keeping pace with his feverish genius and Zborowsky sent him off to Nice. Nice, alas, was full of tempting cafés, and it was only with difficulty that friends finally got the painter away to Cagnes, to a house two hundred yards from Renoir's.

Modigliani was dying and, as with all the *peintres maudits*, the approach of death did not bring calm or indifference, but a yearning to paint more than ever before. Lying in bed, literally spitting blood—"I always aim at the light," he told his shocked landlady—the painter worked on numerous pictures. When he was able to rise he covered the walls with nudes. But genius has its off-moments, and one day, when the urge to drink was particularly strong, he painted a replica of an absinthe advertisement seen in Nice. . . .

A painter called Osterlind, who looked after him, arranged for him to meet Renoir. The encounter was a solemn failure.

"So you're a painter, too, young man?" Renoir asked.

Modigliani looked at the old man with the black shawl over his head in stony silence.

Renoir went on undismayed: "Do you paint with pleasure, young man?—always paint with pleasure, you know."

Soon Modigliani was rushing from the house with an angry shout.

Back in Paris, Modigliani settled down. Jeanne was pregnant again and he tried to be more businesslike about his dealings. This did not prevent him tearing up a drawing proudly in the Rotonde one day when an admirer timidly said that the price was rather higher than he could afford.

He painted many *maternités* and made plans for the future of his family. He dropped all his riotous friends and saw no one except the Spanish sculptor Manuel Ortiz, who lived in the flat above. In January, 1920, Ortiz went away for a week. On his return to the rue de la Grande Chaumière



Drawing. Portrait of Ortiz de Zarate, from the Foujita Collection. c. 1915. 19 x 11 in.
Courtesy O'Hana Gallery.

he called on the painter and found him very gravely ill. For a week he had refused to eat anything but tinned sardines (presumably they reminded him of Leghorn, where poor people eat sardines every day), and Ortiz found him dying in a bed stained with olive oil, with tins lying everywhere and Jeanne too distraught to move. The coup were completely broke.

He was rushed to the Charité, a hospital for paupers, filled for the most part, then as now, with old syphilitic tramps. In the fear of dying, the mind began to disintegrate: "I have very little brain left—this is the end." To still the pain, a doctor injected a sedative. Modigliani never awoke except for the brief instant (on January 25th) in which he died and in which he is said to have called for Italy. "Italia—cara Italia."

Kisling hurried off for Jeanne, who was living at her parents' house. He recorded that she left the hospital, hours later, with dry eyes and quite composed. She went home to her parents' sixth-story flat and threw herself out on to the pavement.

So long as Modigliani fitted in with the "Hollywood" legend, the tragic end would have to have a happy sequel. In real life, tragedy has a sordidness we can understand.

For Jeanne's family, the pregnant daughter lying on the flags outside the window in the noble Place du P. nthéon was a terrible embarrassment. The body was driven off in a cart to Modigliani's studio, after a grim night in the morgue for the purposes of a police enquiry.

Emanuele Modigliani, the painter's brother, a socialist deputy shortly to suffer dearly under Mussolini, had been telegraphed by Kisling with the news of the painter's death. His answer came: "Bury him like a prince."

The female pavement fauna of Montparnasse—models,

students, prostitutes—went around the terraces with soup-plates, saying simply: "Flowers for Modigliani." The result was so generous that three hearses were needed to carry the wreaths up to Père-Lachaise. The funeral party made a detour, driving at a walking pace past Montparnasse police station, so that the police on duty, who had so often arrested the painter after drunken fights in cafés, would have to salute his *dépouille mortelle*. Already the Hollywood legend is resembling the cruel humour of French films.

But the last chapter could only be written on the screen by Bunuel. The day after the painter's funeral, his friends went round to the studio for that of Mlle Hébuterne. At the request of her father, nobody wore black at all and funeral flowers had to be of small dimensions and hidden under the mourners' coats. Above all, no scandal!

The coffin was placed in the funeral van and the mourners began to follow it. For a reason that remains unclear, a scene developed. M. Hébuterne, who had ordered his wife to stay at home, now threw the group of painters and dealers out of the van as well, and ordered the driver to make off for the cemetery as fast as possible. There was a battle for taxis at the cab-rank outside the Dôme and the mourners set off after the coffin at breakneck speed.

As his daughter had died unshriven and in mortal sin, M. Hébuterne had given instructions for a burial without a mass, with no priest, in unconsecrated ground, and the last mourners were still trying to find their way through the huge forest of tombstones in Père-Lachaise when the coffin was hastily lowered to earth. Jeanne had to wait three years, until her father died, before a requiem mass could be said, and her body laid with that of her lover in the splendid Italian tomb that his brother had built.

To write of Modigliani's art is simplicity itself, for few painters can have been so homogeneous in style. The heads bear the influence of Picasso's rediscovery of negro art, the bodies are of fresco pink, and the features—haunches, breasts, hair—are moulded into a geometrical simplicity that recalls the Roman *loi du cadre*. Negro art can partially account, too, for the stances of his models and the elongation of the forms. Fresco was certainly the strongest element, and although he is assimilated to-day to the "Ecole de Paris," his work is unremittingly Italian. The sometimes violent, sometimes pastel-like delicate French richness of his background colours—reds, greens, glossy browns—have sombered now with time into a discretion more in keeping with the painting of his native Tuscany.

Except for the rich influence of negro art and of Cézanne Modigliani does not fit in with any of the "modern" currents recorded by historians since the cubist salon of 1905. His sensuality is much too simple for any of the subtler, more cerebral-natured French movements, and only through the majestic, chaste quality of all his figures, even the most sensual ones, does it pass the testing board of French critical judgment.

The cold masks of the Ivory Coast or the Sudan have been transformed, in his work, by expressions of intense sadness. Despite the sightless, "mask" eyes carried on from negro art, Modigliani's faces have a sentimental interior life which cost him, for a long time, the appreciation of leading critics. To-day, I believe it is true to say that no one would ever expect an Italian ever to be anything but sentimental—it is a racial characteristic we must accept—and it is in this human quality of his static, chaste nudes and long pagan Senufro faces that Modigliani helps to reconcile his own age in painting with the inevitable Romantic trends that are seen to-day.

The later work resembles the first (he only had eleven years of real talent, and died—like Toulouse-Lautrec—at thirty-six) with the solitary difference that the portraits of the last months take the form for granted and are occupied more with the treatment of matter and the harmonisation of bold, contrasted, vibrating tones, chosen within a simple gamma. Towards the end, he painted with enormous assurance, and the best pictures were produced on the same days as poor drawings to-day worth twenty or fifty pounds of snob-value alone at the Drouot auctions; the frescoes of Cagnes were painted at the same time as the reproduction of "Buvez l'absinthe de Pernod fils."

It is hard to distinguish the "great paintings" from the others. The "Three Children" (painted at Cagnes) and many of the pictures of Beatrice Hastings and the Red Bean are exceptional. The portrait of Zborowsky in the Museum of São Paulo, Brazil, is possibly the best figure he did of a man.

His work is probably too restricted, too homogeneous, for him to be placed in the same class as Picasso, Matisse, Villon, Rouault or Braque. He died too soon to become as great as his talent promised, and, as the French proverb says, "The absent are always wrong." He founded no school, disdained admirers, insulted his friends, ill-treated women, drank like a fish, threw things at his clients and—worst crime of all—believed himself the greatest painter then living.

He nearly was.

COVER NOTE

Queen Charlotte's own painter, Sir William Beechey, gained his fame and his title through portrayal of royal sitters: his large review of cavalry, in the foreground of which he introduced portraits of George III, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, escorted by a brilliant staff on horseback, brought him sudden celebrity and obtained for the artist the honour of knighthood and his election as member of the Royal Academy. Fashionable success then smiled upon him, and companioned him throughout his entire career. But that his reputation was earned by competent merit and by warm humaneness of approach, in addition to the elegance of style that above all pleased his noble patrons, would be conclusively proven by the charming picture here illustrated, even if it alone had survived from his large *œuvre*.

Brilliant and limpid in colouring, as is the wont of this artist, the double portrait of the aristocratic Plumer children with their pet has been treated with a winsomeness of mood that endows it with great charm. The attitudes and expressions of the young sitters are full of natural ease and grace and carry a great deal of psychological import. Pictorially, the simple planes and the clear, telling highlights give this work a fresh directness well suited to the subject.

This appealing portrayal of the two handsome children has been in private American possession for over thirty years, having been originally purchased from the Ehrich Gallery, New York, in the 1920's. A companion piece representing Lady Plumer with her son was dated 1801, enabling us to assign a probable date of 1805-06 to this later representation of her two children.

Beechey was particularly happy in the portrayal of children, and the present picture can interestingly be compared to his extremely fine portrait group, "Brother and Sister," in the Louvre Museum, admittedly one of his best works in point of æsthetic value, apart from historical interest which too often, in Beechey's works, is looked upon by students as the main thing and thus is allowed to overshadow his real talent and artistic integrity. He was one among the true heirs of a long, deep-rooted British tradition of portraiture that began humbly and anonymously with the medieval limners and delineators of stylised monumental brasses, and continuing with the Elizabethan producers of counterfeit presentments (increasingly more detailed and exactly observed) was at last to reach its zenith with the glorious pleiad of XVIIth- and XVIIIth-century portraiture, of which Lely, Kneller, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Raeburn are the brightest stars.

M. L. D'OTRANGE-MASTAI.



Flight's Worcester Vase, painted in puce enamel by James Pennington. Unfinished.



Unfinished side of vase.



Worcester Vase, painted by John Donaldson in a panel reserved on a scale-blue ground.

Courtesy the Worcester Royal Porcelain Co., Ltd.

TRIAL AND ERROR

BY STANLEY W. FISHER

THE graceful vase illustrated is listed in the Wall Period section of R. W. Binns's Catalogue as "No. 966, Vase (12 inches) painted figure of Britannia, a trial," but it is actually of later Flight manufacture. The finished painting upon it, in puce enamel, was clearly done by James Pennington (not John, as is so often recorded) and is in exactly the same careful style as his well-known figures of Hope on the magnificent Duke of Clarence service, but as the photographs show, the border and the rings of gilding were left uncompleted.

From the technical point of view it is difficult to understand why an otherwise perfect piece (apart from slight bubbling of the glaze inside and insignificant black-spotting outside) was not finished. It would have been easier to have kept the brush against the neck and base than to remove it, while the piece was on the turn-table, and the bright royal blue, black, and red border was obviously not a difficult one to draw. In another and more important regard, if we accept Binns's statement that it was a trial piece, what was its purpose? Clearly, since there was no need to test the acknowledged excellence of Pennington's work, the problem must have been one of suitability for some special requirement.

A possible answer is provided by the chance discovery of a pair of similar vases in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. Each is painted with a similar Pennington figure subject, but the border is of gold oak-leaves and blue riband, and is more pleasing than the one on the Worcester trial piece. An obvious connection is supported by consideration of its subject. Britannia (without the symbols of her power), droops dejectedly over a broken column, and the lion is the very picture of grief and despondency. For this there can be only one reason—the death of Nelson at Trafalgar in 1805. Someone, we know not whom, although Lady Hamilton would be an attractive guess, had commissioned a pair of commemorative vases, the artist to be one whose work was so admired in a happier context. His efforts were presumably acceptable though the rather garish and cheerful border was not, and the pair of finished pieces was made and delivered.

The second piece is in a different category. Here again Binns refers to it in his catalogue, and illustrates it with an engraving which incidentally is printed the wrong way round. His reference reads, "No. 935, Vase, globe shape (14 inches high), pierced on shoulder, blue salmon-scale ground, enamelled subjects by Donaldson. This vase having fled in the process of burning was never finished."

At a later date the same piece was described and illustrated in Hobson's *Worcester Porcelain* (Plate LXXVI).

This large specimen has several features of interest. In the first place the fire-crack itself clearly occurred in the enamel kiln, since otherwise decoration would not have proceeded so far. Why such damage should have been occasioned by a comparatively low temperature is difficult to understand, though even nowadays similar tragedies sometimes occur, even in the final gilding kiln. Note, too, the absence of colour on the rim between body and base, and picture the elaborate gilding which would have been necessary, finally, to cover it.

The similarly shaped reserve on the reverse side is completely blank, and would presumably have received a design of flowers, possibly in an urn, with which comparable Donaldson pieces were usually decorated, flowers which are not the sort that could almost be picked up, but which have that freedom of drawing and instinct for design which distinguish such a born genius as Donaldson from the proficient artist who can laboriously copy anything and make it lifelike, but who is forever attempting something just beyond his powers. The figure subject is unfinished and for that reason remarkably instructive. The drawing, in sepia enamel, is complete, and so is the lighter light and shade, but there are no greens or yellows, and no real depth of colour. The typical blue and pale purple sky needs nothing to be done to it, but the cow in the foreground and the goat behind are as yet uncoloured. It is noticeable, nevertheless, that the figures are pink-cheeked in the artist's typical style, although the modern decorator would expect that colour to be one of the last to be added, since it requires a very low firing temperature.

A great deal can be gleaned from these considerations of enamelling technique. To begin with, the modern technician would expect a piece such as this to require at least four firings, if not five, for the decoration alone, excluding the gilding. Add to this the fact that the empty panel which was clearly to be painted afterwards would call for as many more, and even this is only part of the story. There can be little doubt that an artist engaged on a work of this ambitious nature would find it necessary to exceed considerably this estimated number of short visits to the kiln. There has been a great deal of controversy regarding John Donaldson's place of working, whether in London or inside the factory, and it would seem that the empty reserve on this vase, with its consequent demands on convenient and efficient firing facilities, goes far to support the latter alternative.

COLLECTING SHEFFIELD PLATE—I

BY W. H. HODKINSON

THERE are purists who point out that the name "Sheffield Plate" is a misnomer, and that this term should apply alone to silver plate produced in the city. It is a well-known fact that a few years after Thomas Bolsover's invention many other firms than those in Sheffield were producing Sheffield Plate. Be that as it may, Sheffield Plate will forever remain "Sheffield Plate" so far as collectors are concerned.

Sheffield Plate is divided into five periods, or styles, "Queen Anne," "Early Georgian," "Empire," "Late Georgian" and "Late." These periods are not sharply defined, and there are instances of transitional pieces. There are also instances of several different styles being produced at the same time.

Sheffield Plate periods do not necessarily coincide with the periods of silver plate, because we know that the Sheffield platers would often derive inspiration from existing silver plate patterns for their own designs.

Besides, every collector knows that no Sheffield Plate was manufactured during Queen Anne's reign.

There is a trend nowadays to speak of patterns, or styles, instead of periods. In the silver plate and electroplate industries this has long been the rule, because Queen Anne patterns are still reproduced and Georgian patterns are still in demand.

Marks on Sheffield Plate have not the same importance as those on silver plate. Many valuable pieces have no marks at all. This is because the act of 1773 made it illegal for plated goods to bear marks.

There had been cases of Sheffield Plate articles carrying marks so like silver plate markings as to deceive the inexperienced purchaser.

When the act of 1784 decreed that Sheffield Plate could bear the name and mark of the manufacturer, many platers ignored the concession. As a rule, marks on an article indicate that it was made after 1783. Due to the absence of a date letter, this is as far as marks will take us. For the rest we must rely on style and the method of decoration.

Queen Anne patterns of Sheffield Plate are usually oval or oblong in shape, though candlesticks of this period often appear with round or square bases. There was no elaborate decoration.

Early examples of the Queen Anne period rarely go beyond a silver wire edge or slight fluting, the fluting at

times taking on a Vandyke form. Sometimes the drawn wire is the only decorative effort attempted.

The early Queen Anne style is the one with the oddly-shaped article, perhaps a little clumsy-looking in comparison with its elegant sister of the more classic periods, but freer in design.

Later, Queen Anne patterns incorporated the gadroon mounted edge and the bold, straight flutes. By this time there was a feeling for more decorative effect. Workers

were now highly efficient in their craft, and there was a desire to show this skill. What Lamerie, Gilpin, Taylor and other famous silversmiths were doing in silver plate the Sheffield platers wished to do with their patterns.

Besides, they had learned that decorated work earned the higher prices. Indeed, such is the case even to-day!

The second Sheffield Plate period, the Early Georgian, really consisted of several styles.

First there was the ornate style with spiral fluting and lavish chased work, usually of flowers. Later the fluting disappeared and the chased flowers became less prominent. The Georgian form remained, but delicate piercing became the dominant feature of decoration. I have a great liking for the beautifully pierced salt cellars of this period. Why so many collectors neglect these, I do not know. In my opinion the workmanship is exquisite. At this time there was also an accent on wire-work.

The last part of the Early Georgian period was Adam inspired, with classic Greek and Roman shapes and decoration.

The two last-mentioned types of design

are the more common. Possibly collectors tend to neglect the early style because there is often such difficulty in matching pieces.

Seeking out these early patterns of Early Georgian design can be quite an adventure. I once saw a tea-caddy fetch what I considered an enormous price at an auction sale, so keen was the particular connoisseur to obtain the object. Afterwards the man invited me to view his collection, and I was really surprised to see so many articles of this period at one time. For years the man had concentrated on pieces of the first Early Georgian style.

Incidentally, the tea-caddy was stamped with a crown. This crown was often used as a guarantee of quality, much as the A1 mark is used on modern electro-plate.

(To be concluded.)



Typical Sheffield Plate Lighting Appliances (top illustration) and beautifully chased Warwick Vase Urns (centre illustration).

With acknowledgement to Sheffield City Museum.

VIEWS AND NEWS OF ART IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR ERIK LARSEN, *Litt.D., M.A.*

AT the moment of this writing, the kind of news that interests in this page can still be qualified as ranging from sparse to non-existent. Curators, amateurs and dealers are either enjoying their well-deserved rest at some lovely and quiet vacation spot, or hurrying back to these shores from instructive and stimulating pilgrimages abroad. The situation is not expected to undergo serious changes until well after Labour Day—that week-end being considered as the traditional caesura between the times devoted to fun and those dealing with the earnest business of life. Thus also with respect to art manifestations. . . .

In the absence of exhibitions or other events worthy of reporting, I should like to revert to-day to the realm of ideas and plan to take off where I left last month. I wrote then, in connection with the rediscovery of a late Hobbema painting "... that flair and intuition always best dry book knowledge and mere antiquarian research. . ." and that "a reverse aspect of the problem can be observed in the matter of the young Rubens. . . ."

Let us ask now what happens when the art historian disposes of book knowledge only and of flair not? The answer is to be found in a merely cursory survey of current art magazines and publications; they will bear evidence to the fact that art history, such as it is being written nowadays, singularly stresses the old chasm between the historians and the connoisseurs. The "young" Rubens is a case in point.

Up to a relatively short time ago, Rubens' earlier artistic activities were hidden in a thick fog, from which protruded only occasional rocks—comparable to all-too-rare signposts eagerly scanned by a tired and thirsty traveller, wandering about in a lonely desert. Born in 1577, master in Antwerp in 1598, active in Italy since 1600, whence he returned to Antwerp late in 1608, it is quite evident that the then more than thirty-year-old artist must have painted during his *Lehr und Wanderjahre* a respectable number of canvases. Especially, if we judge by his enormous creative facilities, which we are familiar with, from 1609 onward. However, the difficulties confronting the scholar are many; Rubens was extremely versatile; established works are often quite dissimilar from each other; he sometimes deliberately imitated the Italians, whereas in other instances he resumed his allegiance to the traditional Flemish manner. These latter works, Rubensian *avant la lettre*, turned out to be faulty with respect to draftsmanship, and lacking in skill and finish. Art history would not bother with them, were they not the stammerings of a genius, who, although slow in maturing, later attained unsurpassable heights.

In attempting to reconstruct Peter Paul's youthful period, I once advocated boldness rather than pusillanimity (P. P. Rubens, Antwerp, 1952, p. 96 *et seq.*), for it appeared quite evident to me that flair and insight would frequently have to take the place of documentary evidence. However, while perusing the catalogue of the recent Exhibition of Rubens' Sketches (Rotterdam, Museum Boymans, 1953), I could not help being reminded of Goethe's famous apprentice sorcerer, who found himself unable to dismiss the spirits that he had summoned. Where are the connoisseurs of old? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Paintings like Catalogue Nos. 1 and 2 cannot even claim squatter's rights in Rubens' oeuvre. No. 1, the "Adoration of the Magi," completely lacks the master's artistic handwriting; neither colour nor technique betray his brush. As to the style critical "similarities" adduced, they are conveniently vague. The alleged resemblance of the Madonna to the one in the Rubens—Pallavicini—S. Ambrogio "Circumcision" is much less pronounced than that of the King kissing the Infant Christ's foot to the kneeling Magi in an "Adoration," by Cristoforo Roncalli (formerly Dortmund, Cremer collection—repr. in Hermann Voss, *Die Malerei der Spaetere-*

naissance in Rom und Florenz, Berlin, 1920, ii, illus. 215). The camels in the left background probably derive from a model common to the painter of this "Adoration" (some Italian follower of Veronese) and to Rubens. I strongly feel that the attribution of this mediocre canvas to Peter Paul is completely unwarranted.

The same observation holds true of No. 2, a "Pietà." Nobody who is familiar with Rubens the artist, or with his psychology as a man, should seriously consider him as the author of that spineless and abnormally curved body of Our Saviour. As to comparative elements with respect to the accompanying figures, they are as elusive as in the preceding case. In fact, the attribution of this little copper-painting seems principally based upon a shockingly loose evaluation of documentary evidence, i.e., its inclusion, as a Rubens, in the Colonna catalogue. This catalogue dates from 1783, thus roughly one hundred and seventy-five years after the master supposedly executed the "Pietà." So late a testimony cannot be considered of serious value, when the spirit of the work opposes itself so emphatically to the proposed attribution. As Bernard Berenson wrote more than fifty years ago (*The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*, London, 1902, ii., p. 116): "... We have seen that in no case adduced is the document in art sufficient proof by itself of authenticity, or authorship. The document always needs to be confirmed by connoisseurship." To the same category belongs a "Martyrdom of St. Andrew"—not included in the above exhibition—which was recently returned from America where it occasioned much eyebrow raising; and a "Hunt of Leopards and Tigers" counting among the less fortunate American Museum acquisitions. As long as men like Bode, A. Venturi, M. J. Friedlaender, Hulin de Loo and B. Berenson wrote our art histories, connoisseurship was implicit and all-pervading. Their philological art criticism was subordinated to intimate acquaintance of a given artist's (or group of artists) characteristics, such as draftsmanship, techniques and colour gamut. By thorough study of the technical and iconographical figurative elements, these scholars were able to bolster their attributions and to advance toward the true comprehension of an artistic personality. In that task they were strongly advanced by intuitive abilities, permitting instantaneous appreciation of emotional values—in the manner of the brilliant physician who diagnoses his case without waiting for the post-mortem to prove him right.

Current fashion demands that new works be presented either from the viewpoint of Iconography, or from that of mere antiquarian research. The latter is the most disturbing, for scholars who exclusively rely on it tend, as we just have seen, to become completely helpless once these feeble props are wanting. The completest pedigree, the most thoroughly extracted information from old and modern sources, can apply to an old copy or a workshop replica. Whereas an original might show up any day without as much as a shred of parchment to clothe it.

If we want to keep art history a living science, it behoves to return to the study of aesthetical values implemented by a profound awareness of connoisseurship. Else we should find ourselves meandering in a scholasticism more indigestible even than the one holding ultra-modernistic art in its grip. It would also appear desirable to restate the aims and purposes of the discipline, so as to formulate basic requirements for its pursuit. In fact, I am working on an essay striving to present the fundamental principles of art history in a synthetic manner. Modern art history suffers from excessive bulk; inordinate attention devoted to ancillary sciences (iconography, etc.); foggy language; in short, from all the impedimenta by which those who lack original thought trim their inferior products with the outside trappings of a glossy erudition.

CERAMIC CAUSERIE

Dr. Richard Pococke

THE two volumes recording *The Travels Through England of Dr. Richard Pococke*, published by the Camden Society in 1888 and 1889, comprise a series of letters written by this energetic Irish bishop. They are printed from manuscript copies, now in the British Museum, of the originals which are no longer extant, and as they bear corrections in the hand of the author it is surmised that he had intended them for publication.

Besides being successively Bishop of Meath and of Ossory, Dr. Pococke was a noted traveller, and published two volumes relating his experiences in Egypt and other countries of the East. A contemporary writer records of him: "When we were on our road to Ireland, I saw from the windows of the inn at Daven-try a cavalcade of horsemen approaching at a gentle trot, headed by an elderly chief in clerical attire, who was followed by five servants at distances geometrically and most precisely maintained, and who, upon entering the inn, proved to be this distinguished prelate, conducting his horde with the phlegmatic patience of a sheik."

The Travels Through England have achieved a just fame in the history of ceramics on account of two well-known references to the Bristol factory (Lowdin's), and the statement that: "They make very beautiful white sauce boats, adorned with reliefs of festoons, which sell for sixteen shillings a pair." Dr. Pococke also referred on two occasions to a factory at Limehouse; references that unfortunately have neither clarified yet the history of this "lost" London porcelain manufactory, nor have enabled its productions to be identified. There are several other references to porcelain and pottery factories in these readable volumes that seem to have been overlooked in recent times.

Stourbridge

A most interesting sentence occurs at the conclusion of a letter dated June 15th, 1751. Referring to Stourbridge, Worcestershire, Dr. Pococke wrote: "They had also a manufacture of china, with a contract to sell it only to the promoters of it in London; but on inquiry I found it is not carried on."

Prescot, Lancs.

Llewellynn Jewitt, in *The Ceramic Art of Great Britain*, mentions a pottery works as having been conducted at Prescot, near Liverpool (Vol. II, page 54). It would seem that there were in reality several. Dr. Pococke wrote on June 12th, 1751: "I went on to Prescot, a little [sic] town most delightfully situated on a hill, its steeple, windmill, glass-houses, and earthenware-houses render it a very beautiful point of view at two or three miles distance." After describing the church, the narrative continues: "They have two or three houses for coarse earthen ware and one for the white stone, where they also make the brown stone ware and work it as they say higher with the fire than at Lambeth. They make it of a mixture of two sorts of clay which they find here."

Calstock and Bovey Tracey, Devon

At an earlier date, in October, 1750, the zealous traveller was in the West of England. From Taunton, he wrote: "We descended down the hill to the Tamer, to Newbridge,

below which is Calstock, where they have a manufacture of coarse earthen ware, and particularly of earthen ware ovens, and they were attempting some things of a finer sort with a yellow clay brought from St. Stephen's, near Saltash, from Hollowmore Bay, near St. Germans, and also from Kelly. I was informed that they were endeavouring to set up such a manufacture as they have in Staffordshire, at Bovey Tracey, near the river Tynge, in Devon shire, where they have plenty of good pipe clay, and have found a coal that will serve for that purpose. . . ." Jewitt mentions the latter factory, and comments that the fuel used for burning the ware was lignite.



Chelsea bust of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (1721-1765)
Victoria and Albert Museum

The Duke of Cumberland and Chelsea

The nebulous connection of the Duke of Cumberland—son of George II—with the Chelsea factory is still a matter of speculation. It has long been known that the Duke possessed a chandelier of Chelsea china in an annex to his house, Cranbourne Lodge, at Windsor. The first record of such a chandelier appears in the catalogue of one of the annual auction sales of Chelsea porcelain held in London. On the 16th, and final, day of the sale held in 1755, on March 27th, Lot 66, was:

A LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT LUSTRE beautifully ornamented with FIGURES and CURIOUS FLOWERS IN A SUPERB TASTE.

The Duke of Cumberland's chandelier was noticed by Mrs. Delany in June, 1757 (*Autobiography*, 1st Series, Vol. iii, p. 462), who recorded:

"a lustre of Chelsea china that cost six hundred pounds, and is really beautiful."

After the death of the Duke in 1765, the house was visited by Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, who noted in her *Diary* in August, 1766:

"Having seen the house, we went to the Tower, call'd Shrubs Hill. . . In the principal room is a chandelier of Chelsea china, the first of that manufacture, and cost £500."

A further and earlier mention seems to have been overlooked. Dr. Richard Pococke wrote in a letter, dated from Hampton Court, August 15th, 1754, the following account; which proves that the Duke's chandelier was *in situ* prior to the auction, and that more than one of these articles was made.

" . . . on an eminence the Duke has built a triangular tower, which is hexagonal within, with a hexagon tower at each corner, which are round within. In one of the towers is the staircase which leads to the beautiful hexagon room, in which there are in the sides three doors and three windows, two of 'em lead to the round closets; in one are little shelves hung up for books for the Duke's use; in the other, on such shelves, is china for tea and coffee. The hexagon is most beautiful . . . in the center is a branch adorned with Chelsea china, and a group of small statues in the middle of it of the same ware; the whole cost £200."

There seems to have been little divergence in the opinions of all three of these visitors that the chandelier was of Chelsea china, and that it was valuable. Two centuries ago, as to-day, it seems that no two or three people could agree on the exact value to be set on a work of art!

GEOFFREY WILLS.

EVENTS IN PARIS

THREE months of Equatorial Africa, where life is twice as primitive and savage as anything the adventure stories of our childhood conjured up, bring into perspective the confused shape of that essentially European invention, art, and the deceiving nature of modern primitive or naïve painting. It is as though by going back to a system of living on a par with that of the Saxons before Cæsar, one gets, to a limited degree, a historian's-eye view of the future—that is, of our present.

Going through the exhibition of drawings, "From Toulouse-Lautrec to Cubism", at the Musée d'Art Moderne on a Sunday morning, the first morning back home, the distant, old-fashioned Seurat figures, with their parasols and stovepipe hats and their rigidity in the peppery rays of spotted sunshine, or, in a different vein, the exquisitely calculated compositions of Villon (two examples of intellectualised art), become infinitely more precious and significant in a world in which one has seen for oneself that cannibalism still exists on a large scale in places about a day away by aeroplane, a world where the absence of all but material considerations can still produce a firm belief that trees are malignant spirits and that God is what you find in a bottle of contraband Belgian gin. If Sérusier, in his Gauguin-like sketches, saw the natives of the South Seas in a way they could probably never see themselves, if the childlike disproportions of a Bonnard nude do not contain the same sort of childishness as one finds in races whose intellectual infancy is untouched and unforced, the reason perhaps lies in the highly spiritualised nature of what we too readily see as being naïvety. Naïvety—the real naïvety—is not so rich. . . .

In the period covered by the exhibition, what we generally call naïvety was common coin. Painters, mostly ones of humble, unintellectual origins, permitted either by a genuine simplicity of mind (Rousseau), by pantheistic optimism (Bonnard, Vuillard, Ker Xavier Roussel, Marquet), and perhaps by selfishness as well, painted a world which corresponded to their desires; everything in that world was made to fit into a childlike vision which made artist and spectator alike feel better. But if naïvety (in the measure that it actually exists in naïve painting) is the path which leads slowly back to a disappearance of ethics in art, if the model with the flowered hat whom the painter sees as a china doll with a pot of roses on its head has only to be removed from the world of art and placed in the world of naïve, conscience-free, day-to-day existence in order to become, say, the child one sells or (after all, why not?)—the recollection is still fresh in my mind) the brother one eats, because you see, it's only meat, one has a right to wonder if naïvety (i.e., irresponsibility) in art is wholly possible—and if it is a healthy sign.

Faced with the richest that the exhibition has to offer—the admirable Toulouse-Lautrecs, the delicately drawn Derains or the temperamental explosions in bold, violent lines of Georges Rouault—one is more and more aware that art for art's sake is unthinkable, and that if art only consisted of form and colour (as another exhibitor, Maurice Denis, once asserted), it would make life easier for the artist, but that such an art would have little permanent appeal to our strongest senses; art has an ethical quality which goes above decoration—without human values there can never be a great painting. The best of childlike artists—Vuillard, Bonnard—lure us, perhaps, by their veneer of simplicity, but they lure us into a graver, more troubled, world than one suspects.

Wandering through the sleepy Sunday-morning peace of the Musée d'Art Moderne, past the inevitable society lady with her lorgnette, and her two abashed German schoolgirl guests making heavy weather of Metzinger and Léger, past the inevitable American tourist couple who were wondering who in the heck an early cubist called Jewan Grease could be,



Cézanne. L'Autopsie.

Musée de l'Orangerie

past the ragged, bearded Bohemian peering rather angrily at Delaunay's highly successful self-portrait, one was tempted to think that artistic appreciation is inevitably attenuated in all those people whom the human whirlpool mercifully throws off instead of sucking in.

Also in the exhibition: Vallotton, Friesz, Utrillo, Valadon, Dufy, Picasso, Lhote, Modigliani, Chagall, Segonzac, Dufresne, Gleizes, Marcoussis, Pascin, van Dongen, Louise Hervieu, Marie Laurencin and the drawings of six sculptors—Henri Laurens, Lipchitz, Zadkine, Bourdelle, Despiau and Maillol.

The notable—and unexpected—exception was Cézanne, but the Master of Aix has his own one-man exhibition of oils and water-colours at another State museum, the Orangerie. There are the familiar landscapes of the Estaque region, the self-portraits, the studies of trees with their cubical planes, and a number of well-known pictures from the Camondo Bequest, notably the "Vase bleue" and the "Joueurs de cartes."

The predominance, in quantity, of figures and portraits in the show make the usual comparison with Chardin difficult; if Cézanne lived in the quiet of a country retreat it was mainly because the atmosphere was better for work in an age which, like our own, was suffering from a surfeit of painting theories, not because he had no desire to make an effect on the Paris public. Cézanne was clearly the opposite of a retiring personality. To the ideal settings of earlier landscapists he opposed a sterner reality, treated with Toulouse-Lautrec's ability to improve on perspective. To Impressionism he only gave his semi-approval, observing once: "For the painter there is no light; for the painter there is only colour." He also said: "When colour is at its richest, form is at its fullest," yet he himself used rich colour sparingly, reserving it for his Rembrandt-like pictures of "Le Christ dans les limbes," or the excellent "Autopsie," in which the planes of colour stand out against total blackness in a manner that clearly announces cubism, and in which the religious overtones are evident.

His "Portrait d'Achille Empéreur, peintre" shows the influence of Spanish painters, and in his smaller works, wisely framed in ancient wooden frames, one sees his fruitful link with the Primitives. Cézanne, like most great painters, has his numerous sides: his "Déjeuner sur l'herbe" might be an early Douanier Rousseau, while the more impressive of his two pictures bearing the title "Une moderne Olympia" shows him in a rare light mood reminiscent of the backstage cartoons of Forain or the light *mondanités* of Guys. The second picture of the same title, very similar in composition and containing the same figures, is in the orthodox Cézanne manner and makes a startling comparison.

The Hiroshige exhibition at the Galerie Place des Vosges has been extended a month into October because of public interest in this great XIXth-century Japanese painter. The Maëght is showing recent Chagalls in an exhibition entitled "Paris."

R. W. H.

EVENTS IN HOLLAND

THE Dutch Art and Antique Dealers' Fair has been a remarkable success again. The aspect of this Fair has changed in so far as old master paintings were not on view to such an extent as in former years. Some picture dealers did not want to show their best pieces to a large public, and the same applies, generally speaking, to all other really important works of art. This attitude of the Dutch art trade is quite understandable. It becomes more and more difficult to bring together an outstanding collection, and prospective buyers of high-class works of art undoubtedly will take the trouble to visit the dealers separately in order to inspect their treasures in more quiet surroundings. On the other hand, the Fair remains an enormous spectacle which gives pleasure to many thousands of visitors. It is always a complete course in practical art history.

Two other art dealers' exhibitions have been taking place, one in Amsterdam, the other in The Hague. The first has been organised by Bernard Houthakker in his printshop at the Rokin. He showed, as always at this time of the year, a nice collection of drawings from many periods, various schools and countries. Some remarkable artists were well represented, as, for instance, a romantic landscape by Paulus Brill, and another with fantastic rocks by Joost de Momper, both from the collection Reitlinger; further may be mentioned an elegant sketch for a picture of St. John the Baptist by van Dyck. Most drawings date from the XVIIth century. One of the top-pieces is a landscape with a shed, a shepherd and goats, which is given, with some reserve, to Adriaen Brouwer; it is a very expressive drawing, with a personal character. Moreover, attention is drawn by Willem van de Velde with fine marine drawings and landscapes by Everdingen and Lievens.

In The Hague, Pieter A. Scheen shows recent acquisitions in the romantic field of the XIXth century. We see five landscapes by Andreas Schelfhout, three charming panels by Charles Rochussen and two Jan Weissenbruchs; further two Bosbooms, Wouter Verschuur, and many others. This enumeration of names may illustrate the magnitude of Mr. Scheen's collection, which, as always, is of good quality; just smaller masters are represented with very fine examples, which certainly will give pleasure to lovers of naturalistic XIXth-century art.

A completely other genre is now on view in the new wing of Amsterdam's Municipal Museum, which has now been opened. The town of Amsterdam has bought 1,200 works of art in the last ten years after the war. Only a selection of the acquisitions can be exhibited for the public. Some names may give an idea of the purchases: Cézanne, Corot, van Gogh, Breitner, Vuillard, Sluyters, van Dongen, Willink and Toorop. Further sculptures by Renoir, Maillol, Rik Wouters, Barlach, Zadkine and others. Of course, contemporary painters fill the bill: Campigli, Max Ernst, Klee, Mondriaen, van der Leek, Bracque, Picasso, Delaunay, Severini, Kandisky and German expressionists, mainly Kirchner. A booklet has been issued by the museum, giving a survey of activities in recent years. No less than 158 "important" exhibitions have been held within nine years, and director Sandberg leaves nothing untried to attract the public.

Many Continental buyers attach great value to expertises, and especially in Holland pictures come on the market with sounding certificates which often cannot stand the test of serious examination. In order to promote a thorough and independent research of works of art, an institute for that purpose has been established in Amsterdam. During the season 1953-54 a number of paintings ascribed to Frans Hals, Rembrandt and van Gogh have been submitted to the experts of this institute, Prof. van Gelder from Utrecht University; the restorer, Dr. A. M. de Wild; Prof. Hamacher from the Kröller-Müller Museum, and others;



MIRROR-BLACK BOTTLES

K'ang-Hsi, 17½ in. high. Two similar bottles from the Dresden Museum could be seen at the Delft Art Dealers' Fair.

From the collection H. M. Knight, The Hague.

only two out of ten "van Goghs" could find favour in the eyes of the experts, and one oakwood sculpture could be dated about 1700, the other one appeared to be a fake; indeed, a poor result.

Frits Lugt, a well-known figure in the art world, who could celebrate his 70th birthday recently, has just brought out the second volume of his *Repertoire des catalogues de ventes publiques*, which enumerates over 15,000 art sales catalogues, published from 1826 to 1860, listed in chronological order. All recorded catalogues are duly classified, giving date, place, owner or provenance of each property, type of sale, and in what library a copy of the catalogue may be consulted. This documentation is of great value to collectors, dealers and art historians.

There is still an opportunity to see Mr. H. M. Knight's beautiful Chinese ceramics in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. This collection includes extremely fine examples of "Chinese taste" porcelains, not only blue and white, but especially monochrome pieces: *sang de bœuf*, liver red, peach bloom, tea-dust and many other glazes. Two large mirror-black bottles with gold decoration are of special beauty. It would not be possible to mention all rarities of *famille noire*, *verte* or *rose*; one exception may be made for a K'ang-Hsi bowl in *famille rose* decoration of different flowers against a blue-green background. This piece was made by order of the Emperor K'ang-Hsi, and only one other piece of this type is known.

Lack of space prevents a detailed discussion of three interesting exhibitions which will remain open during this month: in the first place, a bulky show of Picasso's graphic *œuvre* in the town museum of The Hague, and secondly, the "Treasures from Peru" in the Central Museum of Utrecht. Finally, the Municipal Museum in Arnhem brings lithographs and also sculptures in bronze by Honoré Daumier.

H. M. C.

LONDON NOTES

BY MARY SORRELL

"Enough, enough dear watch,
Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep and rest ;
Would thou couldst make the time to do so too :
I'll wind thee up no more."

MOST of us will heartily agree with Ben Jonson, yet if I possessed one of those XVIIIth-century musical watches I saw at Hakim's, in Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, I would revel in seeing the time ticking away, and also in listening to its silvery music. These watches vary in size from a small Louis XVI pear-shape to the larger circular automaton, where figures move to music. Most of them are of gold and enamel encircled with pearls, and are very lovely *objets d'art*. The XVIIIth-century gold enamelled musical snuff box I saw had a lid painted with the "Abduction of Helen of Troy," and was made in Switzerland about 1790. Facing me in another case was a row of Japanese ivory masks—an extremely fine collection that would certainly unnervise any trespasser flashing a torch upon them in the dark! They were used by the nobility for plays, and depict different characters such as the Demon Queller; God of Longevity; God of Daily Food, or God of Wrath, and some of them were hung outside temples in the belief that their grisly countenances might stave away evil spirits. They are all carved from a single piece of ivory, even the fox's head with an articulative jaw. In the same shop, among other things, there were two beautiful bowls—one of crystal overlaid with gold, and set with gems, and the other of jade overlaid with gold; and the XVIIth-century carved amber Indian jaypore could not escape anyone's notice.

There is something infinitely soothing about the paintings of Dutch interiors, and whether they depict gay jollifications or quiet "stay-at-home" subjects, they are obviously meant to be contemplated with devotion. The Duits Brothers—Mr. Charles and Mr. Henry—of Duke Street, St. James's, whose father and grandfather were picture dealers in Holland, specialise in paintings by their own countrymen, and in their galleries I saw some superb works. Jan Steen, celebrated for his humble peasant dwellings, is here represented by "The Physician's Visit," the central figures forming an imaginary triangle. The artist himself stands at the apex, and we see also Jan Van Goyen (his father-in-law). A point of interest is that of the doctor lighting his long clay pipe from a charcoal burner. The panel measures 17½ in. by 14 in., and has passed through the hands of several collectors, and was exhibited at Nottingham, Bristol and Eastbourne.

The honour of being painted by Rembrandt fell, in one instance, to his great friend, Jan van de Cappelle, a rich man who painted for his own pleasure, and I saw one of his large seascapes that was exhibited at the British Institution in 1836 and 1864. A picture of sailing ships by Van de Velde, and painted before he came to England, is as fresh and untouched as the day it was created, and I enjoyed the work of many other artists, too. But no Dutch gallery would be complete without some agricultural subjects, and here we have "The Fountain of Truton," by Philips Wouwerman, the greatest Dutch horse painter, and Paul Potter's little masterpiece, "Young Bull."

Chinese art contains so much symbolism that this is absorbing in itself, and one could make a fascinating study of the stories symbolised by the designs on many of the beautiful porcelain wares at John Sparks, Mount Street. These showrooms have only Chinese works of art, which are spaciouly arranged, and one can look at them with ease and without the confusion of overcrowding. The pair of Chinese palace punch bowls I examined were of the Ch'ien Lung period, decorated in famille rose enamels. On the outside a Mandarin wearing elaborate robes talks with his ladies on the terrace of a pavilion, while other winsome girls



Jan Steen. Interior.

The Doctor's Visit

drift in a boat as they gather lotus flowers from the lake. This flower is probably the most popular of all, and has various associations, as also have the fish, flowers and plants that ornament the centre of the bowls. The interior rim has a diaper-patterned border of four festoons, and in diameter the bowls are 16 in., and 7 in. high. Another treasure in these showrooms is a dignified XVIIIth-century bottle-necked *claire-de-la-lune* blue vase, with Taoist Immortals, so beloved by artists, modelled in relief. Seated on a pedestal I found one of Buddha's disciples—a wooden Ming Lohan, who was delightfully scratching his ear! He looked splendid in neutral coloured robes decorated with green and red pigments, and his hands were exquisitely carved. He measured 24 in. high. On another pedestal was a pair of exceptionally fine porcelain vases and covers of the K'ang hsi period, the whole decorated in brilliant *famille vert*. They are fluted and baluster shaped, with panels of flowers depicting the months on the upper section, and on the lower panels we see "Dogs of Fo." These vases are particularly graceful, and painted in subtle and charming colours. They are 22 in. tall.

Easily accessible in Westbourne Grove, Notting Hill, and certainly off the beaten track, I discovered the Archer Gallery, its wide windows like two enormous eyes distilling bright rays of colour that would gladden the dreariest day. Dr. Morris, who opened the gallery in 1930, made many alterations, because previously it was the hospital of a veterinary surgeon! Much credit must go to her for the way in which she hangs the paintings, and for the arrangement of the whole place; and not least of all for carrying on through the war despite being bombed nearly out! This gallery specialises in contemporary work, and holds one-man exhibitions as well as mixed ones. Certain artists have always a few pictures, sculptures and pots there, and everything is re-hung about once a month. These regular exhibitors include David Trindle, from Coventry; Rodney Gladwell, Basil Ivan Rakoczi and Namba Roy, whose carving in plastic wood I much admired; also the sensitive engravings by Victor Anton, and the stoneware by Gwilium Thomas. A lot of Dr. Morris's interest lies in watching her artists develop through varying phases, and her gallery is independent, non-profit making and private. And she is perfectly right when she says art cannot survive on the beaten track. It must expand and explore those hidden labyrinths of nature and of the mind.

A NEW GALLERY FOR NETHERLANDISH MASTERS

IT is a sign of the persistent liveliness of the London art world that the beginning of the autumn season has been marked by the opening of several new private galleries in the West End. One of the most fascinating of these is the Alfred Brod Gallery at 36, Sackville Street, which is planned to be another centre for exhibiting the Netherland Masters, in particular the Dutchmen of the XVIIth century. It has been born of the enthusiasm of Alfred Brod for this school, of which he is himself a collector and scholar.

The opening exhibition strikes the note intended. The twenty-five works shown encompass still life, landscape, marine, and genre subjects. If they are not the great names, they are in almost every instance an exceedingly fine example of that second line of Dutch masters who can be depended upon to give us lovely and intimate pictures. Outstanding among the still life works are four by that early master, Jacob Fopsen van Es, who was born in Antwerp somewhere at the end of the XVIth century and died there in 1666. The most remarkable of these is the "Still Life with Lemons," a signed work which was shown two years ago in the important exhibition at the Arnhem Museum.

One of the most curious of the paintings shown is a marine by Ludolf Backhuysen, "Sailing Boats in an Estuary with Bathers." The fascination here is in the introduction of the nudes swimming or disporting in the foreground waters. The homely Dutch artists who were not Italianisers were not given to painting the nude, and in this instance one has the feeling that it is not the nude as such, but as a realistic and chance incidental to the scene that attracted the shipping master to include them. Of those Italianisers there is one, "Classical Landscape," by



Still Life with Lemons. JACOB FOPSEN VAN ES.

Bartholomeus Breenberg, with a staffage of frogmen and nymphs to add a touch of Aristophanean fantasy to a noble classical scene. Another study of "Shipping in an Estuary," which was attributed by de Groot to Jacob Ruysdael, and is actually signed "J. v. R.," is attributed by Mr. Brod to Nooms called Seaman. Jacob S. Ruysdael is represented in his own right by a pleasing landscape. One hopes that this initial exhibition is truly a sample of what is to follow at the gallery, for we are always interested to see good pictures by the old masters in London, and these are quite delightful. H. S.

BERNE AUCTION SALE

The Collection of Mr. A. Rüttschi, of Zurich, will be sold by auction on November 26th and 27th, 1954, at the Galerie Jürg Stuker, Berne, Switzerland.

Mr. Rüttschi was a well-known collector in 1900 of early silver, silver gilt, gold and enamel works of art.

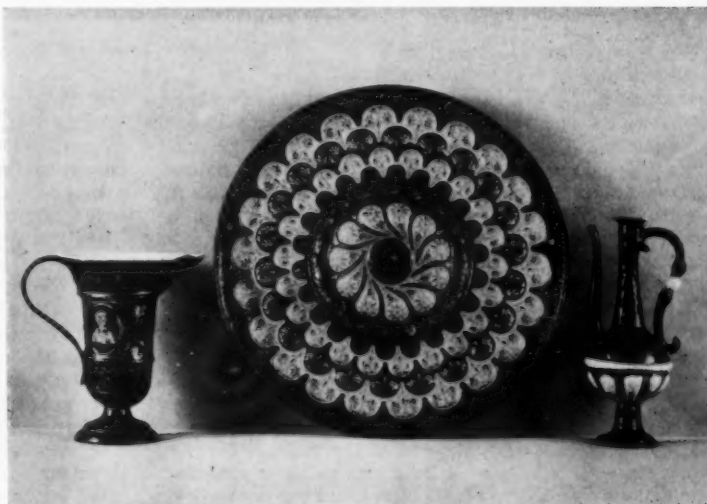
In 1928 he commissioned Mr. Otto von Falke, the art expert, to catalogue his entire collection. This catalogue, which has served as a standard work on early silver and silver gilt, will be re-published as a second edition at the time of

the sale. The 800 objects in the collection have been on exhibition for the past 40 years in the Kunsthau, Zurich, and they consist of Renaissance jewels in gold, silver and enamel, fine gold watches, early Venetian and Limoges enamels, some of which are signed and dated XVth, XVIth and XVIIth century, German and French silver and silver gilt.

The collection will be on view at the Stuker Gallery from October 4th till November 20th, 1954.



The Elopement of Europa. Augsburg, 1620, by Johannes Lencker. Lencker was Mayor of Augsburg in 1622. Silver, partly gilt. Height 41 cm. Width 30 cm.



(Left) XVIth century Limoges Enamel Jug, 15 cm. high.
(Centre) Enamel Plate. Venice, early XVIth century. Diameter 30 cm.
(Right) Enamel Jug. Venice, XVIth century. 19 cm. high.

THE LIBRARY SHELF

HERALDIC BEASTS

BY H. T. KIRBY

HOW often, when listening to the antiphonal chanting of some cathedral choir—like deep calling to deep—have we heard such phrases as . . . "the lions roaring after their prey" . . . "the wild boar out of the wood" . . . "ye dragons and all deeps" . . . "beasts and all cattle" and so forth. Indeed, we almost hummed some of these lovely fragments of the psalms when reading *The Queen's Beasts*,* for it did remind us that the same "beasts" play a very important part—not only in the wild life of the universe—but an almost more important role in that delightful, mythical zoo kept alive by heraldry. In this fascinating half-world they rear "rampantly"; gallop "at speed," or even consent to remain "couched" or "sejant." But whether prone or perambulating, they are always interesting.

Although *The Queen's Beasts* is not actually an heraldic treatise, it is more valuable to the student than many books produced as such. Indeed, scope of the work is limited, as will be seen by the fact that only ten creatures are included. These are the Lion of England; the Griffin of Edward III; the Falcon of the Plantagenets; the Black Bull of Clarence; the White Lion of Mortimer; the Yale of Beaufort; the White Greyhound of Richmond; the Red Dragon of Wales; the Unicorn of Scotland and the White Horse of Hanover. Let us be quite clear at the outset that none of these beasts—although described as the "Queen's"—have any peculiar Royal Prerogative. On the contrary, they have long been used—as charges, crests or supporters—by many non-royal families, both in this and other countries.

That the lion has premier place in the catalogue is not unexpected, for he must outnumber all other heraldic animals by (we imagine) at least ten to one. There is one feature about him which has always intrigued us. By nature endowed with a magnificent coat, finished off with a most opulent mane, we never meet him as "proper" (the non-heraldic will understand that creatures shown in their natural colours are so described) but always in the guise of a black, white, green, red or blue lion. Very strange, but there it is! In heraldry it is customary to depict this noble animal as unlike his wild brother as possible. Nor is this unreasonable, for when called upon to fill a shield, we must be able to extend or restrict his limbs as circumstances may demand, and to enlarge—or even to duplicate—his lashing tail, to cover any awkward, unfilled spaces. Although some artists prefer a plump, well-fed type, the classic examples are lean and lithe; indeed, those in the XIVth-century armorial glass in the east window of Stanford-on-Avon church, Northamptonshire, are generally accepted as the epitome of what such a creature should be. It boils down to the fact that (in heraldry anyway) zoology takes second place to decoration. Although the present Royal Achievement displays some nine lions in all (as can be seen in Mr. Bawden's delightful frontis-

piece), at one period in our history the same arms bore no less than sixteen! This was in the reign of William and Mary, for, added to the twelve lions of England (six in each of the two "grand quarters") and the rampant lion of Scotland, was added the lion of Nassau, which appeared "in pretence" in the centre of the main shield. Outside the shield was the dexter supporter and the lion on the imperial crown. Nor did this necessarily exhaust its possibilities, for when these arms were impaled with the same arms (less Nassau, of course) as they could be—both King and Queen reigning together as equals—the number could be nearly doubled! Never surely could there have been such a "pride of lions" in any arms!

The griffin's popularity has always been immense; all readers of *Alice* will be familiar with its curious make-up. This comprises a body half-eagle, half-lion, the resulting mixture making a very fearsome-looking creation. It is also one of those dragons whose name may be spelt in any way you prefer without fear of correction. Its ancient role as the guardian of treasure has often been turned to good account, and it was only comparatively recently that the Midland Bank (in their newly-granted arms) chose him as one of the supporters. In an issue of the *Midbank Chronicle* that clever artist, Mr. Leslie Stevens, depicted both the griffin and his companion supporter, the dragon, in many whimsical attitudes, some of them highly diverting.

Since the falcon gave its name to the sport of falconry, which in turn covered almost the whole art of hawking, its importance can hardly be over-estimated. In the XIVth-century glass once in Ettington Old Church, Warwickshire (but now returned to its original home in Winchester College Chapel), King

Jehoshaphat was shown with this hawk perched on his wrist, but in this case the bird was very properly "belled and jessed." In Mr. Bawden's delightful drawing the falcon is shown as "belled" only—the jesses, hood, etc., presumably being out of sight in the hawker's possession. The bells were, of course, to indicate the bird's position (in case of loss); the jesses were the wrist harness and the hood was to obscure its vision when not at work. The lure, often mentioned, was an artificial leather apparatus to "lure" the bird back to hand during training.

In the Black Bull of Clarence we have an example of how much heraldry prefers the virile animal to the emasculated. It is true that the ox is occasionally used, but when met with it is generally to enforce a punning coat, such as Oxenden, Oxford and the like. The hoofs of gold show up well against the prevailing sable, and serve to remind us of one of heraldry's most curious terms—that of "unguled"—a word used to denote that the hoofs are of a different tincture from that of the rest of the body.

Passing over the White Lion of Mortimer we come to the Yale of Beaufort. Actually, however, in spite of the reappearance of this name during the Coronation, it is an



The White Greyhound of Richmond

* *The Queen's Beasts*. Illustrated in colour and half-tone. Newman Neame. £2 2s., 12s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.

animal little used in heraldry, and does not call for comment. Next comes the White Greyhound of Richmond, which brings us to that canine world so dear to the heart of Englishmen. Considering the almost numberless varieties of dogs bred to-day, it is somewhat of a shock to find that (until quite recent years) heraldry only recognised two—the greyhound and the talbot. The talbot (so much in use as a hostelry sign) was a rather clumsy, lumbering animal of the hound type. In fact, it was as nearly the exact opposite of the greyhound as could be well imagined. The greyhound is most valuable to heraldry, since although particularly graceful in the extended (or "courant") position, it makes a quite noble supporter, too; whilst in the "sejant" posture it has much virtue as a crest.

Dragons are a large family (we have already met one member in the griffin), but the Red Dragon of Wales is, if we may use the expression, completely dragon. Its constitution comprises a scaly armour-plated body, the wings of a bat, a barbed tail and tongue and a general impression of fierce, demon-like anger. Its ability to breathe fire at a moment's notice would have been a valuable asset in these days of fuel shortage, for a pet dragon chained near the fire-grate could have capably fulfilled the heat-producing qualities of Derby Brights, or any other high quality fuel.

Everyone knows the unicorn, for "when we were very young" we were all taught of the energy he wasted in "fighting for the Crown" against the lion. Both antagonists were sustained (so we learnt) on a very unusual diet of "white bread and brown." However, since the days of James I (of England) both animals have so far become friends that they support the Royal Arms in complete—if slightly dignified—amity. But we do sometimes wonder whether the chain ("reflexed over the back" of the unicorn) is a reminder of the days when it was necessary to restrain this partner from renewing the ancient feud. His solitary

and singular horn does, however, clearly distinguish him from all other animals.

And so to the White Horse of Hanover. The writer once spent much time on investigating the popularity of this quadruped in heraldry—an enquiry which abundantly proved what a great favourite it was. Nor was it confined to dry land only, for we met the "Sea-horse"—a curious creature which would certainly be debarred from Epsom—and, as if not fleet enough already, a "Pegasus" was encountered whose wings must have made him a most formidable opponent. Often used in punning armory, its name is reflected in such families as Horsey, Trotter and others of like vintage.

This delectable book (like that other splendid volume, *The Colour of Chivalry*, issued some years ago under the auspices of the I.C.I.) is sponsored by industry, Messrs. the Shell Petroleum Company having undertaken the costs of production. When commercial enterprise is ready to assume such artistic liabilities, there surely cannot be much wrong with British trade? Garter King of Arms writes a fascinating foreword, in the course of which he says, "they have about them nothing which can be criticised seriously on technical grounds. The red dragon is sufficiently red and unmistakably a dragon; the golden griffin is as much a griffin as anyone could want; the shields they hold bear the emblems which are proper to them . . . the beasts portrayed are, in fact, the Queen's Beasts." This is balanced by H. Stanford London's excellent "Note" on the beasts themselves. That Messrs. Keeling and Bawden have done most attractive plates in full colour will be quickly obvious to all readers, whilst the general format—printing, binding and so on—are a model of what such things should be. A most satisfying book to the discerning buyer, and one which he will be eager to secure, but once possessing he will be loath to lend as he will be careful not to lose!

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TUDOR ARTISTS. By ERNA AUERBACH. University of London: The Athlone Press, 1954. 70s.

Reviewed by Graham Reynolds

It has been known for some time that Miss Auerbach has been engaged on a study of the history of painting in England during the XVIth century, based on a new review of the documents in the Public Record Office. This book is the result of her researches, and it amply fulfils the expectations which had been based upon it. Much fresh material has come to light and is expounded here along with facts which, though already known, are only to be found in widely dispersed sources. The author has combined with her study of the documents a survey of the limned portraits of the sovereign found within the initial letters P of the Plea Rolls of King's Bench; and most of her fifty-two plates are drawn from this hitherto untapped source. Though only of modest merit as works of art, these have, as Miss Auerbach rightly emphasises, much importance as a continuous series of dated portraits of the sovereign. They thus illustrate the trend of fashion in artistic styles, and the replacement of one favoured image of the ruler by another and more up-to-date one.

The evidence provided by the Plea Rolls reinforces our existing impression of the artistic history of the XVIth century in England. The Renaissance came to this country like a very slow thaw, and traces of the medieval spirit lingered until well into the XVIIth century. A further feature of the King's patronage in England was, in Miss Auerbach's words,

that "neither he nor anyone else thought it necessary to distinguish the painter, properly so called, from the craftsman accustomed to work over a wide range of applied arts." The invaluable alphabetical list of artists working in England from the reign of Henry VIII to that of James I runs to almost 300 names. This seems an enormous quantity when we reflect how little of permanent merit has come down to us. But we find that the main occupation of the majority was decorative painting, the gilding of coaches, the painting of banners, and other ephemeral tasks.

In the course of her work Miss Auerbach has lighted upon some fresh facts about Nicholas Hilliard, thus helping to round off our knowledge of the career which is, next to Holbein's, of most concern to us in the period. Among her many contributions to our knowledge of minor figures, perhaps the most interesting are those about Levina Teerlinc, whose date of death is now established as 1576. The belief that she was a nurse as well as a limner is found to be due to the misreading of "pictricem" as "nutricem." The attribution of all miniature portraits of little children in XVIth-century dress to her as a matter of course may therefore come to an end, and there remain no miniatures which can at present be safely ascribed to her.

Indeed, much has still to be done in identifying the authors of English paintings of the XVIth century. This book provides the essential background of fact for forthcoming investigations in this field, and will remain an indispensable work of reference.

FORM AND REFORM IN ARCHITECTURE. By B. HUME. Halcyon Press. 15s.

Reviewed by A. Knott

Considerable research must have been necessary to write this book. The result is the author's opinions and conclusions recorded in a clear and eminently readable manner. The subject is theory and design in architecture with particular reference to the period between the beginning of the last century and the present day.

The earlier chapters are devoted to an investigation of the work and ideas of those whom the author considers have exercised the greatest influence on design during the last 150 years.

The following chapters define the principles on which architectural design is founded and in the author's words "attempt to establish a connection between architects and social organisations." Pugin, Ruskin, Philip Webb, Ebenezer Howard, Philip Geddes and Le Corbusier are all and each considered by the author to have been the most powerful influences of their own and succeeding generations; powerful but by no means always good influences, thinks Mr. Hume.

Mr. Hume discusses the "classic" and "romantic" approach to architecture in relation to the societies in which each flourished. The chapters entitled "The Communist Levelling" and "The Aristocratic Structure" are brief but excellent analyses of the two extreme forms of society. This book deserves a high place amongst books by architects about architecture.

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THE LIBRARY SHELF

TEMPLES AND TREASURES OF EGYPT—Notes to Plates by ETIENNE DRIOTON. Photographs by HASSIA. Soho Gallery, Ltd. 21s.

Reviewed by Victor Rienaecker

The publications of the Soho Gallery have earned for themselves a well-deserved reputation: they can be counted upon to deal with their respective subjects with brief adequacy. This, the latest of the series, provides a well-chosen selection of 31 superb photographs by Hassia of bas-reliefs and paintings, as well as sculpture in the round, of Egyptian Temples of the Second Theban Kingdom. Some eight of the illustrations are in excellent colour. Robert Lang, the editor, is to be congratu-



The Pyramids at Giza.

lated upon his skilful choice of material, which includes a remarkable photograph of the famous pyramids at Giza arched over by a rainbow. These pyramids, the tombs of the Kings of the Fourth Dynasty (2723-2563 B.C.), have been caught by Hassia's camera in the unusual light of a receding storm, which has turned the Pyramid of Cheops (the largest of the group and which, even though blunted, still reaches a height of 450 feet above the present level of the sand) white, while the smaller pyramids of the queens lie spread before it in dark dramatic contrast. That of Khephren, whose apex is still intact, only stands 447 feet high, but it dominates the others because it is built on the highest point of the plateau. The smallest and

the one nearest the camera is the pyramid of Mycerinus and is only 216 feet high.

The notes, by Etienne Drioton, describing the illustrations are in French and English, and are a model of condensed information which will guide any student who so desires to search out for himself further information from other available sources. It is a pity that the monograph does not include a short bibliography.

THE DRAWINGS OF CASTIGLIONE AND STEFANO DELLA BELLA AT WINDSOR CASTLE. By A. F. BLUNT. Phaidon Press. 50s.

Reviewed by F. M. Godfrey

The splendid undertaking by the Phaidon Press of publishing the whole *œuvre* of drawings in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle has been enriched by the presentation of Castiglione, a considerable artist of the Italian Baroque, and Stefano della Bella, an exquisite and sensitive draughtsman of the same period. Professor Anthony Blunt has edited this volume, which is a model of painstaking and ingenious scholarship. The result is a survey of all the possible influences that the fine art of critical detection could sense in this versatile master of many styles, some of them as seemingly incongruous as that of Rembrandt and Poussin, Jan Bruegel the Elder and Bernini, besides Rubens, Van Dyck, and many others whom Castiglione met or imitated in his wandering life.

He was born in Genoa, probably in 1600, where he spent his youth and early manhood. By 1634 he is in Rome and a member of the Painters' Academy of S. Luke. Since 1648 he works for the Gonzaga Lords at Mantua, and between 1655 and 1665 he can be traced mainly in Genoa and in Venice.

But Professor Blunt has not only drawn with meticulous care the topographical map of Castiglione's work and existence, in all its multifarious detail, its confluences and elevations, but striven to disentangle the maze and to construe a coherent monograph of artistic evolution.

There he will light upon a sentence like this: "The fussy Flemish naturalism gives place to a broader more Venetian handling." The influence is Poussin's, the Poussin of the Bacchanals, which Castiglione combined with his own vigorous style of brush-drawing upon paper, in Bassanesque subjects of animal scenes, Arcadian mythologies and the journeys of Old Testament patriarchs.

His Roman period seems to have liberated his style to a new concept of space, of movement and of the human figure, the baroque boldness and grandeur and dramatic intensity of his maturity, when he turned to religious subjects, contemplations of Christ's Passion or the mystical elevations of Franciscan saints. These late drawings are, as Professor Blunt emphasises, of the "ecstatic Baroque," painted in the Roman idiom of Bernini and of Strozzi. Finally, Castiglione goes back to the powerful influence upon his youth, to Rembrandt's etchings, witness the emotional strength of his grouping in the "Prodigal Son" or the nervous intensity in the "Raising of Lazarus."

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The Art of Good Living

STIRRUP CUP

BY D. V. HAYNES

WOULD Queen Elizabeth II be our reigning monarch if King Edward the Martyr had not accepted that fatal stirrup cup which was handed to him by the servants of his stepmother Elfrida at Corfe Castle on March 18th, 978? History bristles with "ifs" and can be a fruitful field for speculation, but it is certainly true that on this occasion the offering of a stirrup cup changed the course of English history, as it was the signal for a murder, and upon Edward's untimely death, Ethelred the Unready, Elfrida's son, reigned in his stead.

At this period, and in later mediaeval times, England was a sportsman's paradise. Great herds of red and fallow deer roamed the hillsides, the forests were haunted by wild boars, river banks harboured unnumbered otters, while badgers, foxes, hares and rabbits flourished in wooded and open country.

In the days of the Tudors, deer, hares and otters were the chief quarry. Henry VIII preferred deer hunting, a preference shared by his daughter Elizabeth both before and after she ascended the throne. Although some Elizabethans occasionally preserved both foxes and badgers in their parks, fox hunting as known to-day did not become really popular until the close of the XVIIth century. Earlier than this the fox was regarded as vermin and frequently killed by farmers. Indeed, parish authorities would, as late as Georgian times, pay for its carcass which was too often obtained by means of a fox trap.

Other animals if killed could be eaten; wolves were a menace to be destroyed; the fox was no terror, but it also served no useful function, therefore it was regarded as scarcely worth the true huntsman's attention until, in 1679, during Charles II's reign, sportsmen turned to fox hunting as a serious sport. By the middle of the XVIIIth century it was extremely popular with all classes, a popularity which it has retained until to-day.

Who does not thrill to the sight of the pink coats, the eager pack, the gallant mounts and the enthusiastic sportsmen and women? The huntsman's horn conveys not only his wishes to the pack, but is music in the ears of those who love the chase.

In more spacious times a hunt meeting was an occasion of lavish hospitality, usually at the great house, when the table in hall or dining-room displayed varieties of food and drink appealing to the hearty appetites of the sporting fraternity.

Before they moved off stirrup cups were taken in the saddle, being served on silver salvers in small wine glasses which were never quite full—most acceptable drinks on an early autumn morning, and making a brilliant picture with the silver glistening in the golden sunlight, the vivid hues of the turning leaves, and the hounds keen and fresh.

Up to about twenty years ago one of the liqueurs served as a stirrup cup was a hunting kummel. Contained in a brown earthenware bottle, the label portrayed the countryside, with a huntsman followed by a woman rider on a white horse in the act of leaping a fence. Another horse and several hounds could be seen emerging from a covert.

The last war and changing conditions are responsible for the fact that hunting kummel is no longer shipped to the United Kingdom, but drinks contemporary and even much earlier than it are not only drunk here to-day, but are also produced in Britain.

One of these is a well-known brand of sloe gin which was actually introduced to men in the hunting field by the family responsible for its being made from a secret recipe still preserved. They were all great horsemen and riders to hounds. It is said that one of these personalities used to give his friends whilst

hunting a drink of his sloe gin which he used to carry tied to his saddle. Stories are still told locally by West Country people who remember having had a nip of sloe gin given to them by this gentleman when the wind was blowing keen and the fox would not break cover. He and his son made a practice of hiding a bottle of sloe gin in the rocks on some of the wildest parts of Dartmoor, and thus, when a rider was in trouble, if he knew where the bottle was to be found he could obtain a really fine and life-saving drink of sloe gin amongst the heather, rocks and bogs.

Not only in Britain did the fame of sloe gin as stirrup cup spread; it became equally popular in the wilds of the Ceylon jungle, in the heat and beneath the sun of tropical skies, the sun of the parched polo fields, in the malaria swamps of Burma and the plains of India, and over here it was the vogue at all hunt meetings.

Prior to the last war, sloe gin was drunk at practically every hunt in Ireland, and there before any man could call himself set up for the day he would have to have a glass of jumping juice.

Another liqueur which has proved a great favourite at hunt meets is cherry brandy. One brand, made by a well-known Kentish firm, has been widely used as a stirrup cup for over a century.

There are several excellent kinds of cherry brandy produced commercially, but if anyone fancies making this really delectable stirrup cup as a liqueur at home it can be done. One would hardly recommend it for to-day's equivalent to the stirrup cup—"one for the road" in the family car, but as a pleasant liqueur it can be made at home providing the cherries are of the right kind.

It is not difficult to prepare; two bottles of French or South African brandy will give you more than three bottles of liqueur.

For the two bottles of brandy you need 2 lb. of freshly picked Morella cherries, ripe but not over-ripe. Wipe the fruit if necessary, but do not wash. You need also 2½ lb. of granulated sugar, 10 cloves, and 2 sticks of cinnamon.

Half the cherries may be stoned, using a darning needle to remove the stone at the stalk end. Stalks and a few leaves may be left on the others. Then all you have to do is to arrange the sugar, cherries, cloves and cinnamon in layers in glass jars and add the brandy. The fruit and sugar should come two-thirds of the way, before the brandy is added.

The jars firmly screwed down should then be placed on a warm window ledge (where they will look very decorative) and shaken every few days until the sugar dissolves. When the colour changes to a dark red and the fruit sinks to the bottom it is ready to be strained. The time for this varies considerably. It is better to keep it in a warm room all the time, and, of course, the longer you keep it the better will be the taste. The difficulty will be to keep it!

Liqueurs were not the only drinks used as stirrup cups. On certain occasions port of a tawny character was used, and this was the origin of the name Hunting Port. Brandy, too, used to be carried in flasks on the saddle, while to-day many a hunting man carries a hip pocket whisky flask.

Cups, such as cider cup, champagne cup, claret cup and perry cup have been known to find a place among the drinks dispensed before the meet moved off for the real business of the day; these, of course, had to be prepared beforehand.

The ingredients for a stirrup cup of quite a different nature are: one-half rye whisky and one-half orange juice. This recipe is to be found in a classic book of drinks, and seems to be a favourite with mixers of to-day.



English Hunting Glass. Circa 1780.
Courtesy of Arthur Churchill, Ltd.

GAME AT ITS BEST

BY MARY SEATON

"The painted partrich lyes in every field
And for thy messe is willing to be killed."
(Ben Jonson. *The Forrest.*)

THERE is a gastronomic as well as an æsthetic interest about pictures of game birds and animals. I was looking recently at one by William Hunt, the early Victorian water-colour painter, of a hare and pheasants, and marvelled at the texture of fur and feathers. The game looked so succulent that I hoped the artist's wife had been able to turn it into a delectable feast in good time.

Artists of all schools have found dead game, tricked out with appropriate herbs and vegetables, a popular subject for expression, Dutch, French and English painters particularly excelling in such a theme. Pictures by Jan Baptist Weeniz, Franz Snyders, Chardin and George Morland come to mind. And with them the thought of some favourite dish of game revives one's appetite.

"The purple pheasant with the speckled side" may look well on canvas; but even more appealing is his spouse when framed by the oval of a dish on the dining-table. I say spouse, for although the cock-bird is much handsomer than the hen, the hen is fatter and more tender. Mere physical adornment must be ignored when pheasants are to be eaten.

To be enjoyed, all game must be tender. To ensure this quality, the age of the bird or animal must be taken into consideration and a table of when each is at its best consulted. Blackcock, for instance, are in

season from August 20th to December 10th, but they do not make good eating until the end of October. Grouse are in season from August 12th to December, and are best from mid-August to mid-October. Partridges from September to February; best in October. Pheasants from October to February; best from November to January. Hares, September to March; best in October. Venison from May to January; best in September and October.

To judge age? Most young birds can be recognised by the quill feather in the wings, which is soft and not fully grown. But young grouse have an additional characteristic, in that they have soft downy feathers on the breast and under the wings. They also have pointed wings and rounded spurs.

Young partridges are pretty easy to tell, for the first flight feather is pointed at the tip instead of rounded. It is useful to know that one can never make a mistake in choosing young partridge when reading a French menu, for the partridge is called *Perdreau*, in the masculine, up to six months' old; and *Perdrix*, in the feminine, when over six months. Not very kind to the fair sex! (Elderly partridges are those over fifteen months.)

One can tell a young cock-pheasant by his spurs, which are rounded in his first year, short and pointed during the second year, and long and very sharp after that. A hen-pheasant in her youth has light plumage and soft feet, an old one darker plumage and hard and rough feet.

These are the main points about young

game birds. When it comes to hares, a young one can be told by its ears, which can be easily torn, and by the very small cleft in the lip. The teeth are white and small, claws smooth and pointed, and almost hidden inside the fur, and there is a small nut under the paws which is not found in old hares.

Next after age comes the question of hanging, if tender and flavoursome game is desired. The length of time depends on weather conditions, the game being left in its fur or feathers, but not drawn, for about two to twelve days. The place chosen must be cool and airy, with a current of air. In damp, muggy weather, even if it is not very hot, game will not keep long. In clear, windy weather, even if not cold, it will keep far better. Two days is about the right length of time for those who do not like their game to have a high flavour; but five days should develop the characteristic flavour. Fourteen days is about the maximum. And venison should hang from twelve to twenty-one days. It is, incidentally, especially necessary to hang pheasant, which can be tough and tasteless if this is not done.

Then for cooking. Let it be remembered that only young game should be submitted to roasting in the oven and that the correct roasting time must be observed almost to the minute. For hare or venison long roasting does not matter so much, but a decided toughening-up process results when birds of tender age are exposed to protracted oven heat. Roasting must, of course, be abandoned when age creeps on the bird or beast. Other methods must be used for deliciousness without hard work for the teeth.

SINCE WE MUST

eat to live, gastronomy may fairly claim to be the patriarch of the Arts. Like its offspring, it depends on the skilful selection and exact blending of ingredients, and personal preference plays a decisive role.—Chardin or Watteau? With culinary masterpieces, too, some prefer home-bred simplicity, others hanker for the more obviously poetic. That is why we offer the best of both worlds, **FOOD IN ENGLAND**, by Dorothy Hartley (fully illustrated, 30s.), an encyclopædic survey, and **ITALIAN FOOD**, by Elizabeth David (illustrated by Guttuso, 16s.).

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One of the most practical ways of using elderly game is to make *Paté de Gibier*. The game is browned in butter in a pan on top of the stove, and a small quantity of thick brown gravy made. The game is then gently cooked, preferably braised in the oven, with slices of ham or bacon, onion, mushrooms and a *bouquet garni*. When ready, the bones are removed and the rest minced and pounded in a sieve and the thick gravy stirred in. This makes a ready-to-hand savoury if pressed into small pots and covered with clarified butter to keep. It can be served with Melba toast at the beginning of a meal, or as a hot savoury on toast at the end. It will also add richness to your main game dish if spread on the toast on which the game is served.

Which kind of game to eat is a matter for personal decision. One can graft a score of variations on to the well-known lines:

"If partridge had the woodcock's thighs,
'Twould be the noblest bird that flies;
If woodcock had the partridge breast,
'Twould be the best bird ever drest."

But whatever the choice, the accompanying wine must increase its appeal to the palate. With a bird of delicate flavour, for instance, a full-bodied wine would drown it in its depths. Hare and venison, on the other hand, need one of those great fellows from the vats of Burgundy.

Claret with partridge is right, for young partridge can be so exquisite in flavour that anything strong will spoil it. St. Emilion makes a perfect match. Grouse needs Claret; pheasant, Burgundy; and woodcock the greatest wine available. Cold grouse should have a white wine accompaniment, preferably Hock or Moselle.

THE FOUR SEASONS' COOKERY BOOK. By ROBIN ADAIR. Macdonald. 15s.

Reviewed by O. Rawson

This delightful cookery book has much to recommend it apart from Mr. Adair's excellent idea of dividing and indexing his dishes for their seasonal use.

He allows no waste. Where the cook is likely to be faced with tiresome "left-overs" some delectable suggestion is made for using them up. The explanations are clear enough for the beginner, but yet not too verbose for the competent cook. Though many recipes are unusual, all are possible in terms of ingredients and a modest culinary skill, often all that is available to-day.

In criticism I would raise two points. The first is doubtless personal prejudice, but I find it tiresome to be led by the hand—small child fashion—whilst Mr. Adair talks down to me. To quote: "Above all, we should remember that we must learn order and tidiness in a kitchen before we can learn to cook." There are several preliminary pages of this "we" approach.

Secondly, Mr. Adair mentions the method of softening apples to a purée, placing them in jars, and then keeping them in the refrigerator until required. Here I must take on the role of mentor and suggest that if, after bottling, each jar of purée being tightly pressed and quite full, these jars are sterilised by any of the well-known methods, there is no need to waste refrigerator space, and the keeping qualities are indefinite.

These criticisms are trivial—the praise whole-hearted, not only for the methods of making more unusual dishes, but for Mr. Adair's excellent advice to serve the first and most delectable of nature's gifts, be they peas or strawberries, new carrots or grouse, in the most simple fashion appropriate to its use.

BON VIVEUR'S LONDON, 1954. By BON VIVEUR. Andrew Dakers, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by Mary Seaton

One might think that everything to be said about where to find good wine and food had been written by Phyllis and John Cradock, under their shared name of Bon Vivreur. But freshly, zestfully from

their twin pens comes this up-to-date guide to the restaurants of London; a worth-while book that everyone who enjoys lunching and dining out should seek to possess. To the gourmet it must bring surprise by its perspicacity and sureness in listing places which he could well have imagined few but himself had the genius to discover. To the novice, the guide is all delicious adventure.

Nearly a hundred restaurants are featured, with details of the managements, the food, the wine and the prices. Wonderously spun specialities are described, though prices are seldom in the spun gold class. Indeed, moderation in cost has been carefully considered. For the young, or the not-so-well-off, every point has been personally tested by Mr. and Mrs. Cradock.

People one has loved to meet are met again. Signor Prada, for instance, who when London was being bombed, "withdrew to the cellars and stood sentinel upon his wine bins since as he said with simple candour, 'If these go I must go with them'." A Vintage Chart is included, five maps, and a list of addresses of cleverly selected "indispensable services" for those from the country or overseas.

The first forty-seven pages are not such easy going. In a series of essays on different aspects and vicinities of London, too much has been compressed into too little space. Odd pieces of information from past and present periods burst out everywhere, in bundles of facts which appear to have been packed together somewhat hurriedly. A small fault, however, where there is much good to follow.

SALE ROOM NOTES & PRICES

BY BRICOLEUR

More of the interesting prices obtained at auctions during the summer season are given below.

SILVER. Christie's sold a collection of highly important old English Silver formed almost entirely in the decade preceding 1914 which was the property of the late Miss L. Coats. Several of the pieces do not appear to have been offered at auction before and among these is the set of twelve lion sejant spoons of 1569, which brought £2,200. An apparently unique set, the maker's mark C enclosing an R, is unrecorded by Jackson, but has been noted on seal-top spoons of 1598 and 1599. The silver-gilt lion figures support a shield engraved with the arms of Campbell, the back of the stems engraved with NC. Although this engraving is probably not contemporary, in style it is not later than mid-XVIIth century. Christie's give four members of the family who might have been the owners. The spoons weighed 23 oz. 3 dwt. Another lot which does not appear to have been at auction before is a Charles II octagonal scroll salt, 5½ in. high, 15 oz., which brought £950. The maker's mark IS is probably John Sutton. Other examples of this rare last form of standing salt are in the possession of Livery Companies of London. Two of 1656 are that owned by Eton College and the other formerly in the Swaythling Collection, which is the only other known in private possession. £600 was paid for a George II punch bowl of plain circular form. This measured 10 in. diam. and weighed 45 oz. 15 dwt. The maker was Alexander Brown of Dublin, 1739, and included in the lot was a punch ladle, London, 1721. A pair of circular waiters, by Paul de Lamerie, 1720, brought £820. 6½ in. diam., 25 oz. 15 dwt. These were supported on moulded detachable central feet and engraved with the arms of Treby quartering Grange for the Rt. Hon. George Treby, M.P., who was one of Lamerie's greatest patrons. P. A. S. Phillip illustrates an invoice in his work on Paul de Lamerie, Fig. 12, which is dated April 25th, 1721, and shows that a set of six "little salvers," of which this pair presumably formed a part, were sold for £32 2s. 7d. to Treby. Two other interesting lots in this collection were a Queen Anne octagonal teapot, stand and lamp, by Joseph Ward, 1712 (27 oz. 15 dwt.). The teapot had pear-shaped body and was engraved with a coat-of-arms. This lot sold for £1,100. The other lot was slightly earlier in date, 1703, and comprised a pair of Queen Anne covered jugs, 11 in. high, made by Robert Cooper (81 oz. 15 dwt.). These also had slightly domed lids and pear-shaped bodies, engraved with the arms of Churchill with Gould in pretence for Charles Churchill, a younger brother of John, Duke of Marlborough, and his wife, Mary Gould, whom he married in 1702.

At another sale Christie's made £420 for a Queen Anne tea-kettle, stand and lamp (87 oz.). The kettle, by Isaac Dighton, 1705, was of compressed pear shape, the stand by John Gibbons, 1702; the lamp, 1705, maker's mark MA. A Charles II plain tankard with flat cover brought £170. This was engraved with the arms of Alwayn and had maker's mark EG, 1675 (25 oz. 18 dwt.). Another similar, but slightly less tall, 6½ in., brought £240. This weighed 24 oz. 15 dwt. and was dated 1670. The maker's mark PD is unrecorded by Jackson. £460 was paid for a later piece, a jewel casket, by Eliza Godfrey, 1752. This had moulded borders and panelled sides and was engraved on the lid with the arms of Rudge quartering Delafosse.

Sotheby's sold very fine French and English Silver which included a Queen Anne silver-dessert service, by David Willaume, 1713, comprising seventy-one pieces. Each piece was engraved with an identical crest and the service sold for £2,100. £1,500 was paid for an exceptionally large Charles II standing cup and cover; 19½ in. high, 71 oz. 8 dwt., it appears to be the largest one recorded. The cylindrical body engraved with armorials and supported on a baluster stem and circular foot, the lid of typical conical form. The arms are those of William Bennett of Norton Bavant, Wiltshire, and his wife

Patentia, granddaughter of Tomas Bennett of Pytt House, Wiltshire. The cup is fully marked, maker's mark A.F., rose below (Ant. Ficketts) 1661. In the same sale was a James II standing cup of similar type which brought £380. This had maker's mark I.M. in a dotted circle, 1685, and weighed 35 oz. 15 dwt. In this same sale was included a set of four French table candlesticks, by François De La Pierre, Paris, 1717-18 (98 oz. 10 dwt.). These had baluster stems and octagonal bases, and sold for £420.

At Phillips, Son and Neale, a 22 in. silver-gilt candelabrum of five lights with a pair of 19 in. four-light candelabra to match, brought £95. These had tapering columns and square bases.

Rogers, Chapman and Thomas made £66 for a circular teapot, with sugar bowl, milk jug, kettle and hot-water jug *en suite* (100 oz. 13 dwt. gross).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. A viola, by Dominicus Nicolò Amati of Bologna, c. 1740, was sold at Sotheby's for £200; this included a silver-mounted bow by Dodd and a French bow. The certificate of Messrs. W. E. Hill and Sons was with the lot. £68 was paid for an octavina virginal, by Arnold Dolmetsch, No. 561, of four octaves, with boxwood and ebony keys. The case of fine polished waxed oak. Included in the lot was a specially made music desk and a tuning key of roughly triangular shape.

SAMUEL DIXON. A set of three embossed bird pictures by this well-known artist were sold at Sotheby's for £145. These were taken after engravings by George Edwards and the subjects included a Chinese peacock pheasant, purple and white Chinese cock, and an American hummingbird. Egan Mew wrote an interesting article on the Embossed Bird Pictures of Samuel Dixon in *APOLLO*, September, 1931.

CARPETS.—Amongst the carpets sold at Sotheby's was a fine Bijar carpet 21 ft. 5 in. by 15 ft. 2 in., with a dark blue field and floral designs in brown, blue and yellow. This sold for £185. A pair of Kirman rugs, 6 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 4 in., brought £170, centred with landscape, medallions on an ivory field within wine-coloured borders. A large Chinese carpet made £150 and was decorated with scrolling and flowering stems in blue on a fawn field. It measured 17 ft. 8 in. by 12 ft. In another sale of carpets a pale blue and yellow Chinese carpet, measuring 14 ft. 5 in. by 12 ft. 2 in., brought £100; the borders were decorated with vases, pagodas and medallions.

At Christie's, 300 gns. was paid for an English hand-tufted carpet in the Savonnerie style, 18 ft. 10 in. by 11 ft. 1 in. The flowers and scrolling design in colours on a buff ground. A Kirman carpet, 15 ft. by 10 ft. 1 in., designed with birds, flowers and foliage in red, blue and white, sold for 120 gns. A silk Kashan rug woven with flowers on buff and ruby grounds, brought 90 gns., 6 ft. 5 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. Another European carpet sold by Christie's brought 95 gns. This was an Aubusson tapestry carpet, 12 ft. 10 in. by 10 ft. 9 in., designed with a central floral panel with borders of scrolling.

The Motcomb Galleries sold an Indo-Persian carpet, 14 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 6 in., with foliate motifs on a blue field within a red and blue striped border, for £30.

At Rogers, Chapman and Thomas the rugs sold included a Savonnerie carpet, 20 ft. 9 in. by 7 ft. 8 in., for £77. This had a rose pattern on an ivory field. The Oriental examples included a Persian runner with a green ground and tan and blue pattern, 16 ft. 10 in. by 1 ft. 6 in., which made £36.

Phillips, Son and Neale have sold a fine silk Persian prayer rug with an all-over foliate design in red and green for £355. This measured 6 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 1 in. £145 and £105 were paid for two Tabriz carpets. The first had an all-over floral and foliate design with red and blue predominating, 23 ft. 6 in. by 16 ft.; the other was smaller, 9 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in., and had a multi-coloured all-over design. This firm also sold an antique needlework rug for £60. It measured 7 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in., and was designed with panels of figures, flowers and birds within a tufted wool border.

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